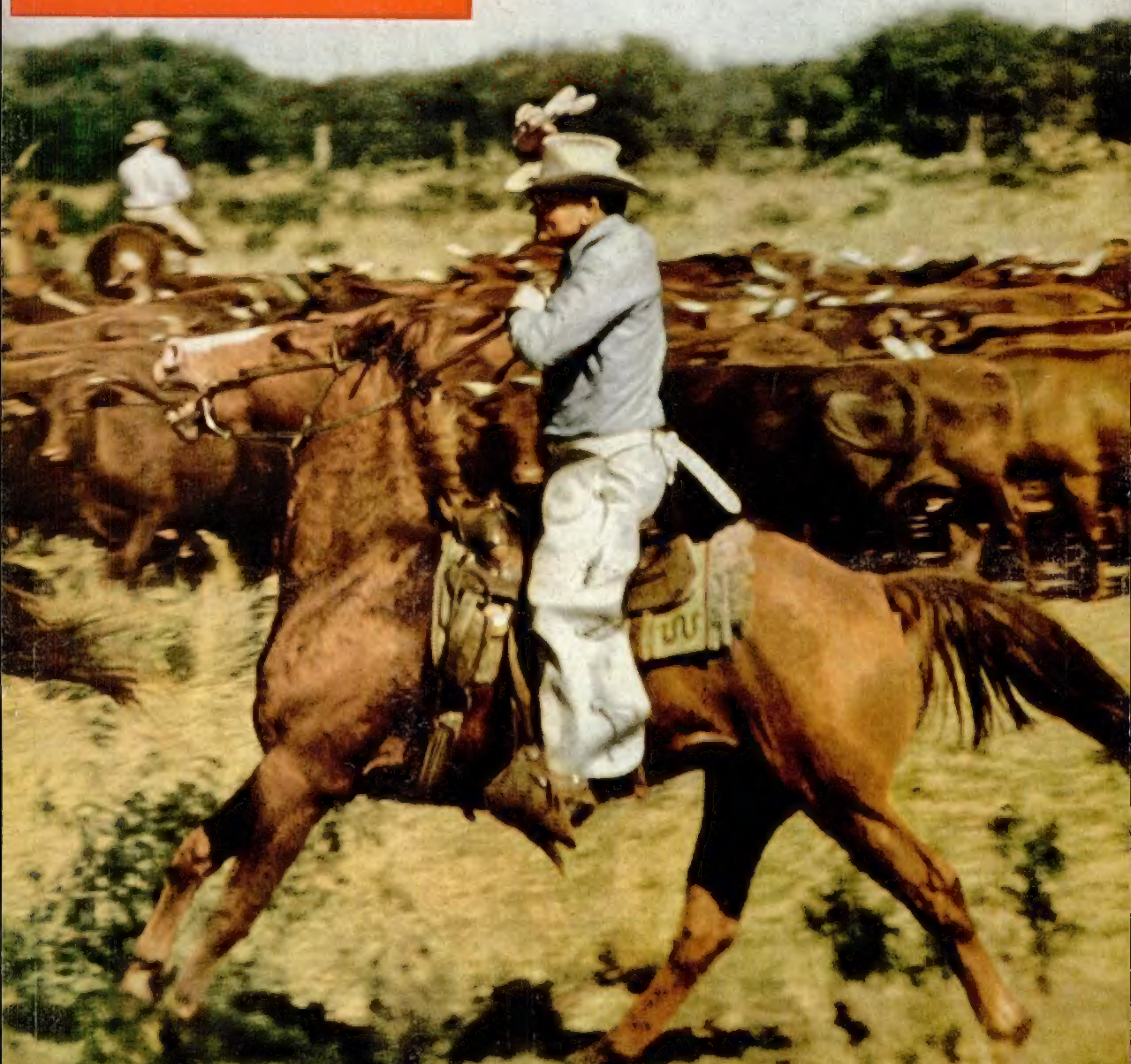


LIFE

AN AMERICAN EPIC BY TOM LEA
THE FABULOUS KING RANCH

INCLUDING A PORTFOLIO OF COLOR PHOTOS



ROUNDUP ON KING RANCH

20 CENTS

JULY 8, 1957

New products for daily living



DR. WEST'S GERM-FIGHTERS ARE SAFER FOR CHILDREN. COME IN BOTH CHILD'S AND YOUTH'S DESIGN

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NEW TOOTHBRUSH HANDLES ITS OWN HYGIENE

The toothbrush above is in the midst of a terrific battle. Every bristle, the entire brush head of this Dr. West's Germ-Fighter is actively fighting germs. Treated by a new antibacterial process*, the Germ-Fighter keeps itself safe by attacking germs picked up during brushings or while the brush hangs in the bathroom. As germs fall on and hold to it, the Germ-Fighter inhibits or destroys them—making itself the safest, cleanest toothbrush in the world. Its germ-fighting action is effective for up to 4 months in use. Adult's 69¢. Youth's 39¢. Child's (shown above) 29¢.

*Pat. applied for



THAT TOOTHBRUSH WITH THE BROKEN HANDLE is a reminder many mothers use to signal them it's time to get a new toothbrush—a Dr. West's Germ-Fighter Toothbrush.

No dry, unruly "hayseed hair" with Vitalis



New greaseless way to keep your hair neat all day...and prevent dryness

Don't let dried-out, hard-to-manage hair hand you a haymaker. You can prevent it easily with new Vitalis. More than four million men make Vitalis a morning grooming ritual, as important as shaving.

Vitalis keeps hair easy to manage and looking neat all day. You never have an oil-slick look because clear, clean Vitalis contains V-7, the greaseless grooming discovery. Along with V-7, Vitalis combines refreshing alcohol and other ingredients to provide a perfect formula which gives real protection against dry hair and scalp.

Try new Vitalis with V-7 tomorrow morning.

New VITALIS® Hair Tonic with V-7.



Try new Vitalis while this Special Offer lasts — you get two bottles, 2 oz. and 4 oz. size...
AN 82¢ VALUE FOR ONLY 58¢*

*Plus Fed. Tax

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This One



LJD3-PD4-EJ2Y

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The fabulous King Ranch 28

A great empire-building episode of the American frontier, the birth of the King Ranch in Texas, is told by Tom Lea—with eight pages of color photographs by Elliot Elisofon.



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HABIB BOURGUIBA

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THE GUN

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JULY 1, 1957

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Yesterday's Pin-ups Re-created

In making a new film of *A Farewell to Arms* in Italy the crew had no great trouble rounding up realistic props for scenes of World War I—75-mm guns, the jouncy ambulances, the old biplanes. But when they started looking for World War I pin-ups, they were stopped dead. Four decades had taken a heavy toll.

With the company, however, was a qualified expert on pin-ups, Robert Landry, whose shot of Rita Hayworth in a black and white nightgown (*LIFE*, Aug. 11, 1941) was a barracks classic of World War II. He volunteered to re-create comparable photographs of a past era. Drafting two bit players, Landry decked them out in 1917 finery and had them strike seductive poses—seductive, anyway, for 1917.

For 1957 Landry's picture gallery at first glance rouses more nostalgia than blood pressure. But the heavy period trappings cannot altogether disguise the fact that the pin-up is one of the most appealing of all forms of art.



PATRIOTIC PIN-UP is here re-created by Siria Micheli, following Landry's coaching. Landry got

his ideas from scanning Italian newspapers and magazines of the period to see what the public admired.



FLOWERY COME-ON is executed by Siria, who, in traditional Latin style, clutches rose in teeth.



SPEAKING OF PICTURES



PARASOL PIN-UP is enacted by Norina di Muro. Like Siria, she is from Rome and has played several roles at Cinecitta Studios, where *Arms* is being filmed.



COQUETTISH PIN-UP struck Americans on set as quaintly funny. But Italians in studio crew were more captivated than amused by Norina.

← RECLINANT AND RELAXED, NORINA ASSUMES AN AGELESS PIN-UP POSE

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

A MAYFLOWER SAILS INTO TODAY

Sirs:

Congratulations for "A Mayflower Sails into Today" (LIFE, June 17) by Edey and Tenney. Not only was the story and photography masterful and timely but they also, magically, put me right aboard with the crew and Captain Villiers.

Any man who has sailed blue waters in Gloucester fishing schooners, as I have done, would give his eyeteeth to have been a crewman on *Mayflower II*. Since this could not be, the LIFE story of the venture fully made it up to me.

JOSEPH C. O'HEARN

Milwaukee, Wis.

Sirs:

Why you clutter up an otherwise excellent magazine with the story of the *Mayflower II* I'll never know.

A monetary donation replacing at least a very little of all Britain now owes the United States would have been so much nicer.

DIANA MAZUR

East Chicago, Ind.

Sirs:

Give your editor who said *Mayflower* used oatmeal for caulking seams a large bowl of oakum for breakfast so he can learn the very large difference between oakum and oatmeal.

W. R. SHRUGLEY JR.

Carlisle, Pa.

● Both oatmeal and oakum were used. Raw oatmeal, which expands greatly when wet, was packed into underwater seams. Oakum, which is the loose fiber of untwisted rope, was hammered into seams above water.—ED.

Sirs:

Mayflower II is a fine gift that should remind all Americans, regardless of national origins, that their heritage is nonconformity, the courage to stand and be counted for a principle.

B. J. LONG

West Hartford, Conn.

THE REIGNING ROYALTY OF EUROPE

Sirs:

"The Reigning Royalty of Europe" (LIFE, June 17) is an informative, well-written article. The photos are among the best I have ever seen.

PEARL ROTTENBERG

Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

In the picture of Princess Sophia of Greece with her Maltese dogs, the one on the right looks suspiciously feline... in fact, it looks exactly like a Persian kitten.

CAROL ANN BLITS

Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

● It is—her Persian kitten Aurora.—ED.

Sirs:

It is interesting to note the ingenious manner in which vivacious Queen Frederika of Greece wears her mother-in-law Queen Sophia's stunning jewels as a tiara. She wore them as a necklace on the LIFE cover of Nov. 16, 1953.

MRS. RUTH STYFFE

Miami, Fla.



FREDERIKA'S NECKLACE IN 1953 BECOMES TIARA IN 1957

● Her necklace (LIFE's cover, Nov. 16, 1953) is easily converted into a tiara (LIFE, June 17, 1957).—ED.

THE DIABETIC'S LIFE-GIVING ORDEAL

Sirs:

Only those who have gone through the ordeal of daily insulin injections can appreciate what a boon this new treatment will be to the diabetic ("The Diabetic's Life-giving Ordeal," LIFE, June 17). Like Mr. Lee, I too am one of the first happy users of Orinase.

When traveling, my equipment differed slightly from Mr. Lee's. I had a small electric sterilizer and a wide-mouth vacuum bottle in which I put ice cubes and the bottle of insulin. Now I bid a fond farewell to that equipment and propose a vote of thanks to the men of science for their discovery of Orinase and to LIFE for bringing to its readers this graphic description.

CLARISUA MATSON

Maywood, N.J.

Sirs:

The tone of "The Diabetic's Life-giving Ordeal" is too gloomy. You have a picture of Mr. Lee giving himself a shot of insulin and comment that his wife cannot bear to watch.

I have been a diabetic for a long, long time and have been taking insulin every day for nearly 20 years. It is such a routine matter that my wife wouldn't even attempt to give me sympathy. I'm worried that your article might persuade some person who has just been told that he has diabetes to attempt to control his trouble by diet and refuse to avail himself of the positive blessings of insulin.

Again, you point out that by making a chart of his thigh area, Mr. Lee manages to stick the same area only once every 18 days. So what? When I first started taking insulin, I made all these elaborate diagrams and made sure that I moved around. I haven't done that for 15 years. I've found a lot of new, interesting places for the needle.

Tell the diabetics not to give themselves too much sympathy for doing a minute segment of the daily task of getting spruced up in the morning.

CLINTON P. ANDERSON

United States Senate

Sirs:

Let me express my gratitude to LIFE for the privilege of having served as the photographic symbol of the wonderful relief which has come to so many diabetics.

Your otherwise fine story did not mention that my first use of Orinase came as one of a group of patients with whom researchers at the University of Washington Medical School were finally proving the value of the new compound.

LYLE LEWIS LEE

Seattle, Wash.

ARISE YE SILENT CLASS OF '57!

Sirs:

Congratulations on your editorial, "Arise, Ye Silent Class of '57!" (LIFE, June 17). This generation is not

apathetic. It is merely struck dumb at the spectacle of college presidents deploring unctious and conformism and multimillionaires being sad about the search for security.

ROBERT R. EASTER

Liverpool, N.Y.

Sirs:

LIFE's editorial had a startling effect on alumni and the Class of '57 at Baldwin-Wallace College. Departing from the conventional niceties at an alumni banquet, Eugene Borza, '57 class president, electrified the audience of 500 by replying to your editorial.

"When our critics claim we are silent and that we conform, they are making a relative judgment. Certainly we conform and are silent, if you wish to compare our silence with the flag-waving, shallow peace movements of the 1920s, the brass bands and shouts of the Hitler youth movements, the revolutionary students' riots in Latin America, and the Communist party line, screamed by thousands of stereotyped youths. These men assume that our so-called silence predicates nonthinking. Our very silence is proof of nonconformity. Rather than restating the worn values and clichés of our forefathers, we are desperately trying to find new solutions for old problems.

"I rather think that our critics' charges of conformity only describe themselves and their own generation. They scream at us not to conform. Conform to what? To the stagnant traditions and conformity which they themselves have built up? Let me give an example: our elders preach peace, yet they engage in a program to build up such forces of destruction that civilization can be destroyed by pushing a button.

"Our silence is a thinking, evaluating silence with which we hope to solve problems you have created."

MRS. ALICE THOMAS

Baldwin-Wallace College
Berea, Ohio

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

Sirs:

My 13-year-old daughter Carol has done doodles ("Living Doodler's Expressive Faces," LIFE, June 17) which amused me greatly. The funniest one she does is omitted in your article.

MRS. PHILIP E. HART JR.
Milwaukee, Wis.



"LADY, SHARPEN YOUR PENCIL SOMEWHERE ELSE"

A WARM FATHER AND SON STORY

Sirs:

Congratulations. The story on the Wynns was just wonderful ("A Warm Father and Son Story about the Wynns," LIFE, June 17). More than that it was true.

MARTIN MANULIS
Playhouse 90

Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

LIFE's story is almost a finished play treatment. I read it twice. Keenan read it twice, then Keenan read it aloud to his wife and me. So when I say it is almost a complete play I know what I am talking about.

ED WYNN

Los Angeles, Calif.

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George Veazey

From Atchafalaya Swamp, more for your money at the gasoline pump

"Somebody has called this the atomic age. It's really the petroleum age.

"In 1935 America used about 300 gallons of oil products a year per person. Today it's over 800 gallons. The industry has a big job to meet this demand. But we're doing it.



"For one thing, we go farther to find oil. Atchafalaya Swamp here in Louisiana where I head Union Oil's production crew, is a good example.

"Before we can even start to drill we have to dredge canals to float the rig in. When we drill we often go twice as deep as we did ten years ago. And the number of dry holes is much higher today.



"When we do strike oil, we have to refine it and get it to market. Some of our oil travels thousands of miles by boat, pipeline and truck before it reaches your car as Union gasoline.



GEORGE VEAZEY, "COMMUTING" TO HIS JOB IN THE ATCHAFALAYA SWAMP COUNTRY IN LOUISIANA

"Costs are up all along the line, but we're drilling more wells than ever. In spite of more dry holes, our production is up. And our products are better than they've ever been!"

The problems Veazey discusses are very real.

Despite them, though, you never got more for your money than you do today at a Union Oil Service Station.

Today, gasoline is 15 octanes higher than it was in 1939, and you get a raft of free services with every gallon. The price, on the other hand, has increased only 65% as compared with a 100% rise in the average of all consumer prices.

We intend to continue to bring our customers the best possible products at the lowest possible price.

* * * *

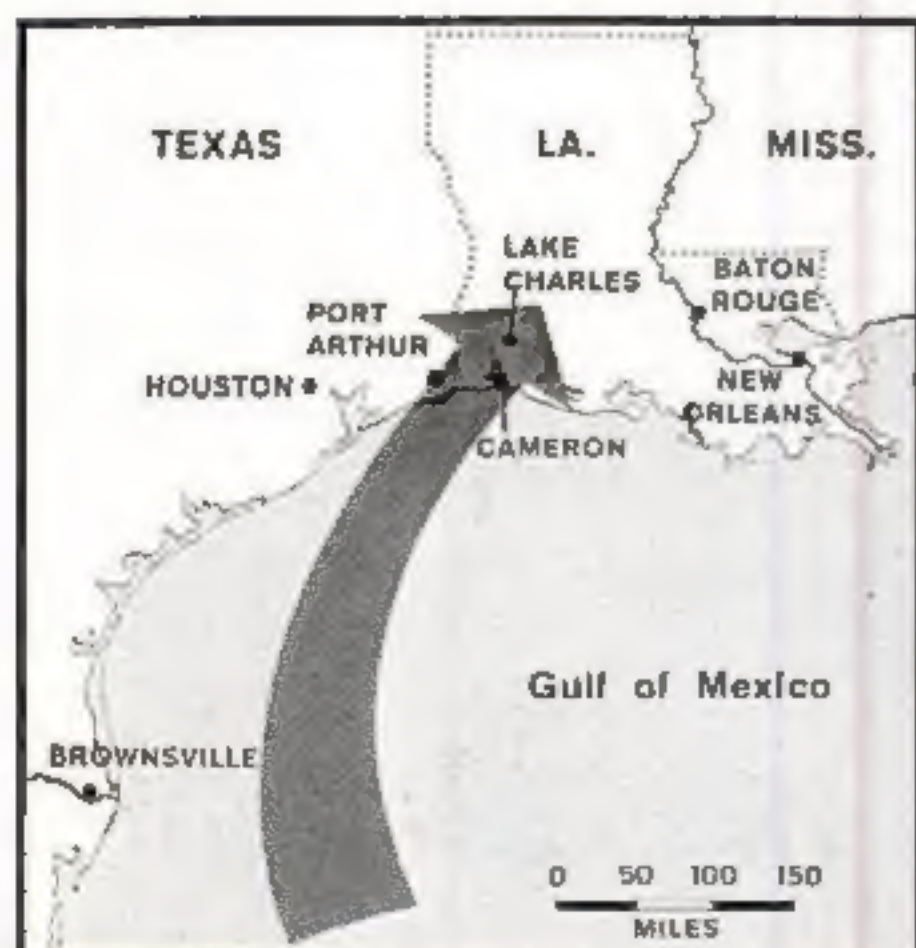
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Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL



UNDER DARK SKIES AT THE HEIGHT OF THE HURRICANE IN LAKE CHARLES, LA. MEN RUSH TO TAKE COVER



MAP SHOWS PATH TAKEN BY HURRICANE AUDREY

EARLY AND DEADLY: A

The dangerous hurricane season was supposed to be a good two months away and the U.S. Weather Bureau, which every year draws up a long list of feminine names to identify them, had only recently settled on "Audrey" for the first one. Then suddenly there came Audrey, roaring out of the Gulf of Mexico last week with 105-mph winds into the low bayou areas of Texas and Louisiana.

It was a hideous surprise. A fishing vessel sank while trying to make port; an offshore oil derrick toppled along with its crew into the

roiling gulf; whole herds of cattle disappeared; and in Port Arthur, Texas the top floor of a sturdy nine-story building collapsed under the weight of rain water.

But it was at the tiny bayou fishing town of Cameron, La. that the storm did its worst. Here, while the residents were still assuming they had 12 hours in which to reach high ground safely, a tidal wave 10 feet high swept suddenly and viciously over the town. Trapped families huddled in attics or clung to rooftops, trees and rafts, trying to escape the swift rising



BEHIND AUTOMOBILES PARKED IN A RAIL YARD

HURRICANE

waters. Ham radio operators sent desperate calls for help and helicopters and rescue boats rushed to Cameron. Hurricane Audrey, as quickly as she had come, slacked off into a rain squall, moving toward the Ohio Valley.

The bayou country counted 40,000 driven from their homes by the storm. Hundreds had been wounded. The property damage was almost incalculable—oil companies alone put their losses at \$10 million. Over 160 were known dead, mostly at Little Cameron, and as the waters slowly receded, the toll would inevitably rise.



IN LAKE CHARLES A RESCUE WORKER RACES TO COVER CARRYING A GIRL PROTECTED BY HIS RAINCOAT



CAUGHT IN THE GALE, a man beats his way to shelter through water at Lake Charles. High winds had knocked down trees and telephone poles in background.



ADRIFT IN THE GULF, six men thrown from capsized oil rig cling to life rafts. They spent 36 hours in water. A rescue pilot who spotted them took this picture.





AN IRONIC WRECK occurred at Cameron when a shrimp boat, the *Audry* of Lake Arthur, was hurled

ashore, knocking down a wall and smashing in the side of a home several yards away from the water.



TIDAL WAVE'S IMPACT was so great that massive supply barge was driven ashore crushing storage tank.

WRECKED HOMES on Cameron's shore were smashed by wave. Town was almost totally leveled.



STORM VICTIM is carried in a blanket toward ice-house which became the morgue for Cameron's dead.

STORM SURVIVOR. Agnes Richard (*below*) returns on a stretcher to Cameron home she had fled.



IN WAKE OF STORM STUNNED SURVIVORS, DEATH AND HEROISM



WAITING REFUGEES, two women with a baby, rest at Lake Charles, which cared for 22,000 evacuees.



HEROIC DOCTOR, Cecil Clark, beginning his third sleepless day of tending Cameron's wounded, takes Mrs. Eulice Richard's blood pressure. Dr. Clark's wife and their three children were killed in storm.

HELPING HANDS of friends lead a dazed mother → from her improvised refugee shelter in the Cameron courthouse. Waiting for her is her son who was injured in the storm. His two brothers were killed.





"CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH" GIVES WELCOMING TALK

GET-TOGETHER OF GOVERNORS

The presidential election was three years away, so only one governor—Kentucky's "Happy" Chandler—was trying to turn the 49th governors' conference into a preview of the 1960 conventions. "Happy" was a candidate, naturally. But most of the 45 governors who attended the meeting last week in Williamsburg, Va. seemed to relax in the colonial manner.

The one serious note was struck by President Eisenhower. He urged the states to take back some tax powers and responsibilities from the federal government. But most governors felt that the suggestion was unrealistic, and one commented, "It's like taking an omelet and trying to put it back into the egg shells."



WAITER IN LIVERY serves mint juleps at a party given by Winthrop Rockefeller. Acrobats, jugglers and musicians, in 18th Century garb, entertained.



PARADE OF GOVERNORS to annual state dinner lines up in single file before entering motel cafeteria for banquet where governors of the original states

eat with the President on the days. Governor Ribicoff of Connecticut leads off, followed by Robert Meyner of New Jersey, J. Caleb Boggs of Delaware,



GOVERNORS' LADIES precede husbands into the state dinner with Mrs. Boggs and Mrs. Stanley leading. Behind them are Mrs. Leader of Pennsylvania,

Mrs. Theodore McKeldin of Maryland (partly obscured). Mrs. Lane Dwinell of New Hampshire. Behind and to left of Mrs. Dwinell is Mrs. Howard



President Eisenhower, Thomas Stanley of Virginia, Rev. James Brown of the Williamsburg Methodist Church and George DeLoach of Pennsylvania



Pyle, wife of a presidential assistant, and to her left, carrying stoles are Mrs. Luther Hodges of North Carolina and Mrs. "Happy" Chandler of Kentucky



GOVERNORS' SONS inspect the rigging of a replica of the *Godspeed*, one of the ships that landed at Jamestown. They are Craig Russell, 12, Jimmie, 9,

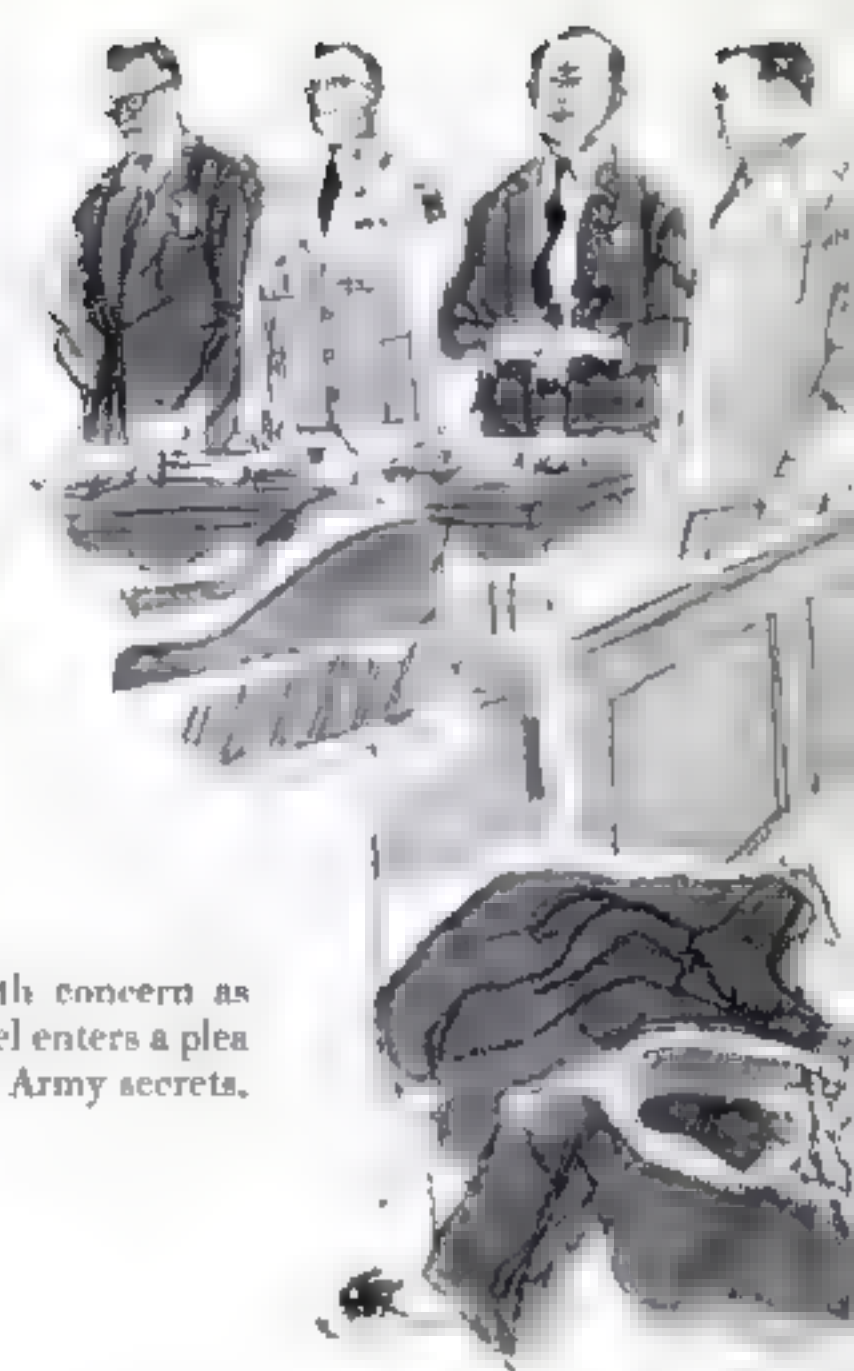
sons of Nevada's Governor Charles Russell, Mike Freeman, 9, son of Governor Orville Freeman of Minnesota, and David Russell, Craig's twin brother.



COLONIAL FUSILLADE by Williamsburg militia, with "Brown Bess" muskets, salutes the governors as they enter the Governor's Palace (background).

PILLORIED GOVERNOR, Frank Clement of Tennessee, and his attractive wife Lucille demonstrate the method once used to punish minor criminals.





NICKERSON'S FAMILY listens with concern as defense attorney standing with colonel enters a plea of guilty to charge he failed to guard Army secrets.

GUARDED BUILDING, the Redstone legal office, housed court-martial. M.P.'s searched it from end to end for hidden microphones before trial started.

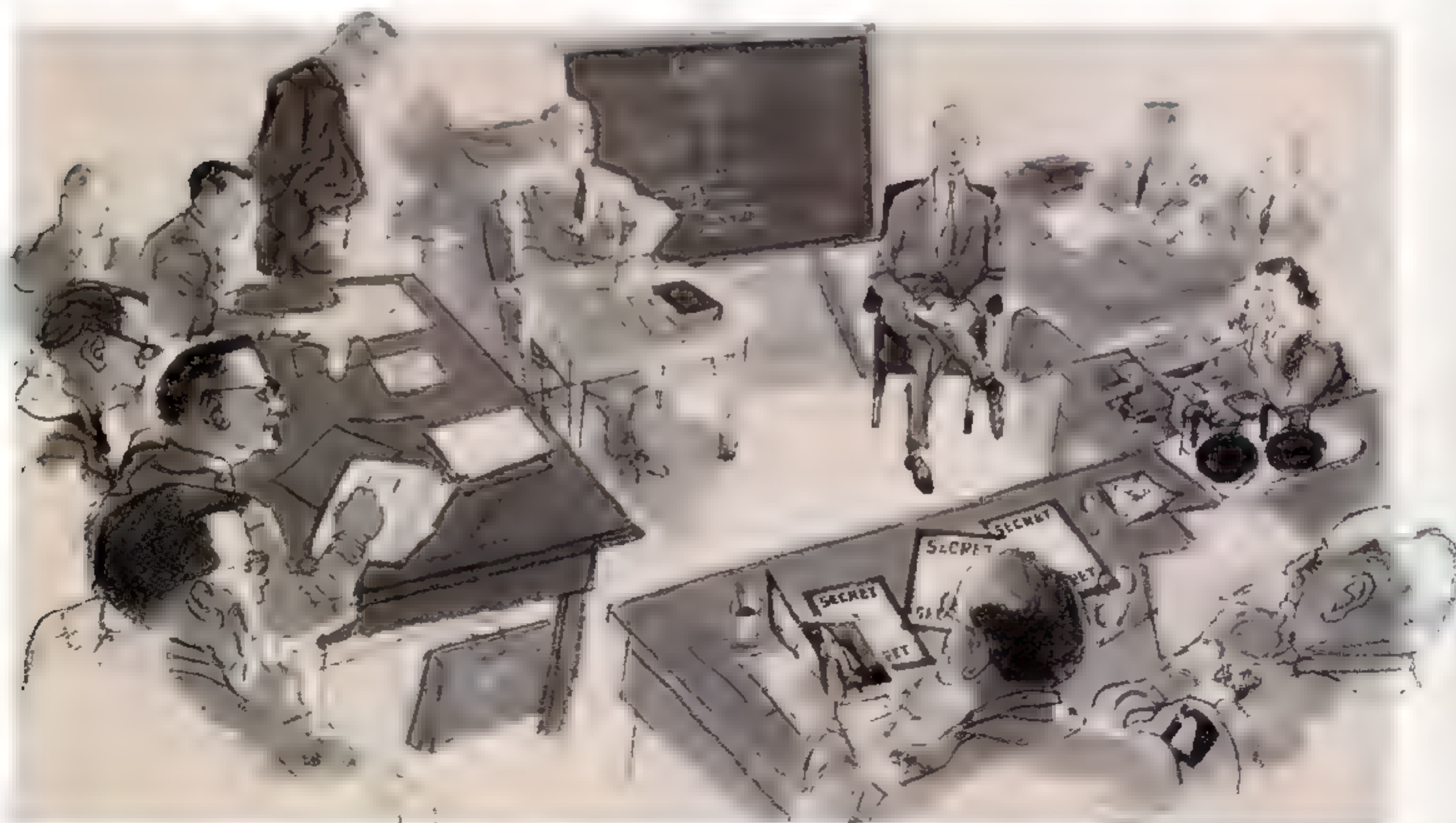
ARMY TRIES ITS MISGUIDED MISSILE MAN

At the U. S. Army's Redstone Arsenal missile center near Huntsville, Ala. last week, disagreements among the services over control of the U. S. arsenal of guided missiles were dramatized in the court-martial of an overzealous Army officer. Colonel John Nickerson was on trial for leaking secret information about missiles to civilians not authorized to receive it.

He did so, he said, because he felt that Secretary of Defense Wilson was wrong in ordering the Army to limit its missiles to a range of 200 miles—which left longer-range missiles to the Air Force. Nickerson hoped that by stirring up a public discussion of missiles he could get Wilson to change his mind.

Secretary Wilson did not change his mind.

But, as the court-martial proceeded in a series of well-guarded sessions drawn for LIFE by Artist Franklin McMahon, defendant Nickerson did "I'm as far out on a limb as I can get," he admitted to the 10 generals and colonels who tried him. The Army court dropped a charge of espionage, but it found Nickerson guilty on 15 separate counts of breaking security reg-



SECRET TESTIMONY was given in locked room off court chamber whenever security officers ruled questioning dealt with classified information which public should not hear. Here Dr. Ernst Stuhlinger, a former German scientist who now heads the research staff at Redstone, is questioned by Ray Jenkins (standing), a

Nickerson defense attorney who was Senate committee counsel during 1954 Army-McCarthy hearings. Board of officers listen in (right foreground) with copies of documents Nickerson (left, at table) leaked. Artist was allowed to sketch the empty room and filled in rest of picture later on basis of interviews.



For releasing secret documents, Nickerson is sorry—and guilty

ulations. Then it allowed scientists who had worked with Nickerson to praise his contribution to the missile program. Nickerson, who pleaded guilty to the security charges, admitted that he should have fought within Army channels ("I made a mistake"). The court suspended him from rank for a year with a reprimand and fined him \$100 a month for 15 months.



WEARING MISSILE PATCH ON SLEEVE AND WORLD WAR II DECORATIONS, NICKERSON HEARS TESTIMONY



OPEN TESTIMONY in courtroom is given by Dr. Werner von Braun, who developed V-2 rocket for Germans and now heads U. S. Army scientists at Redstone Arsenal. Sitting in witness chair next to locked file full of secret documents pertaining to the case, he is questioned by defense attorney Jenkins. Nickerson sits

at far right with his defense counsel. Army prosecutors sit at left. Court-martial board of generals and colonels listen in rear as Von Braun testifies that Nickerson made a "mistake of judgment" in releasing secret data, but is a "faithful, loyal" officer who contributed greatly to Army's guided missile program.



BEAMING TRUMAN POINTS PROUDLY TO NEARLY COMPLETED LIBRARY BUILDING IN INDEPENDENCE, MO.



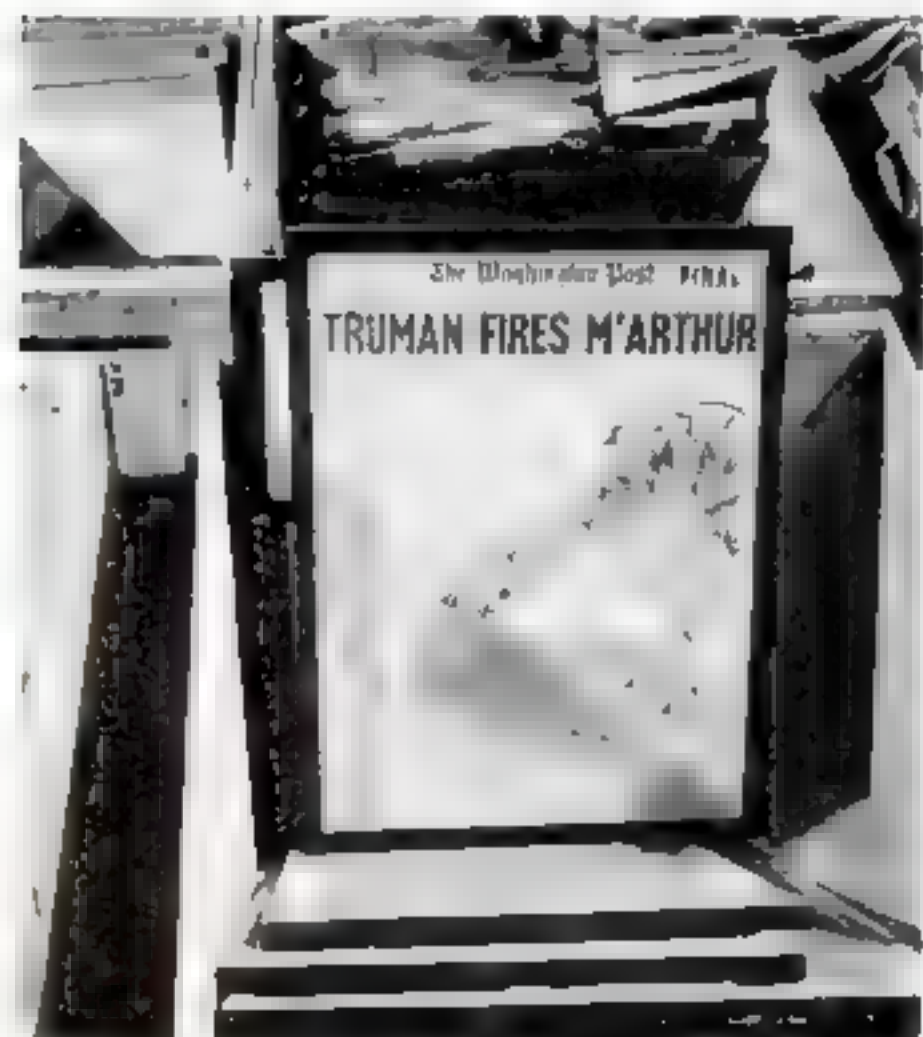
AMIDST PRESIDENTIAL BRIC-A-BRAC IN ARCHIVE

A VERY MUCH ALIVE TRUMAN AND A MEMORIAL

"I wish people would stop calling it the Truman Memorial Library," said the proud former President and prouder grandfather. "I'm not dead and I feel fine." He felt fine indeed and wasn't worried at all over the incomplete state of the building as he and a few guests had a preview tour of the Harry S. Truman Library just before its dedication and presentation to the nation this week in his home town of Independence, Mo.

Long a pet project of the history-conscious Truman, who stumped the country raising money at Truman Library dinners, the library will contain

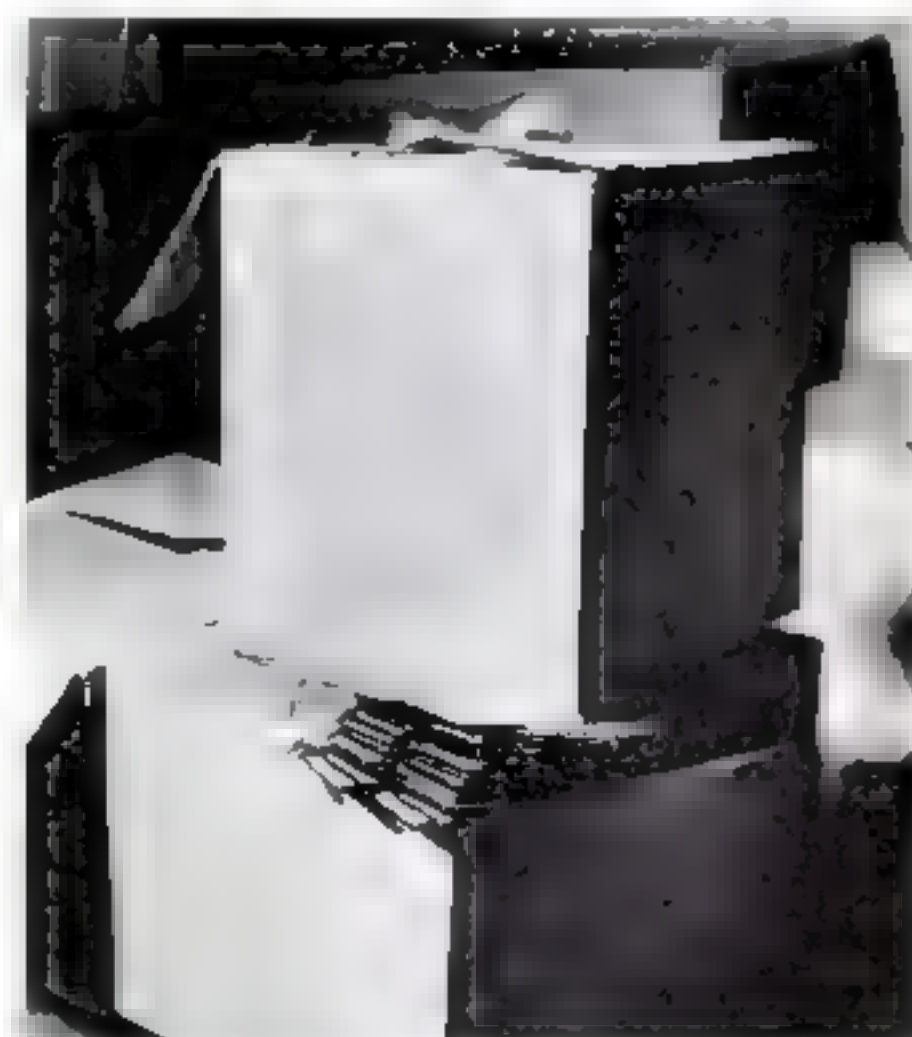
in its stacks the 3.5 million papers of his administration. The handsome semicircular building, which the ex-President estimates is worth \$21 million with land and contents, will house such diversified items from the Truman attic as the pen that signed the Japanese treaty ratification, lifetime major-league baseball passes, a bust of Franklin Roosevelt and a gold key to the city of Wheeling, W. Va. It will also contain a private office for Mr. Truman, who proudly explains, "I made a deal with the government—I paid them \$21 million for an office. Now you beat that."



FAMOUS MOMENT in Truman presidency (April 11, 1951) is recalled in framed newspaper paste-up.



AUTOGRAPHED BALL from Red Sox pennant winners of 1946 rests beside silver tea set from Mexico.



GET-WELL CARDS from friends saved from 1954 gall bladder operation, are stored away in cartons.



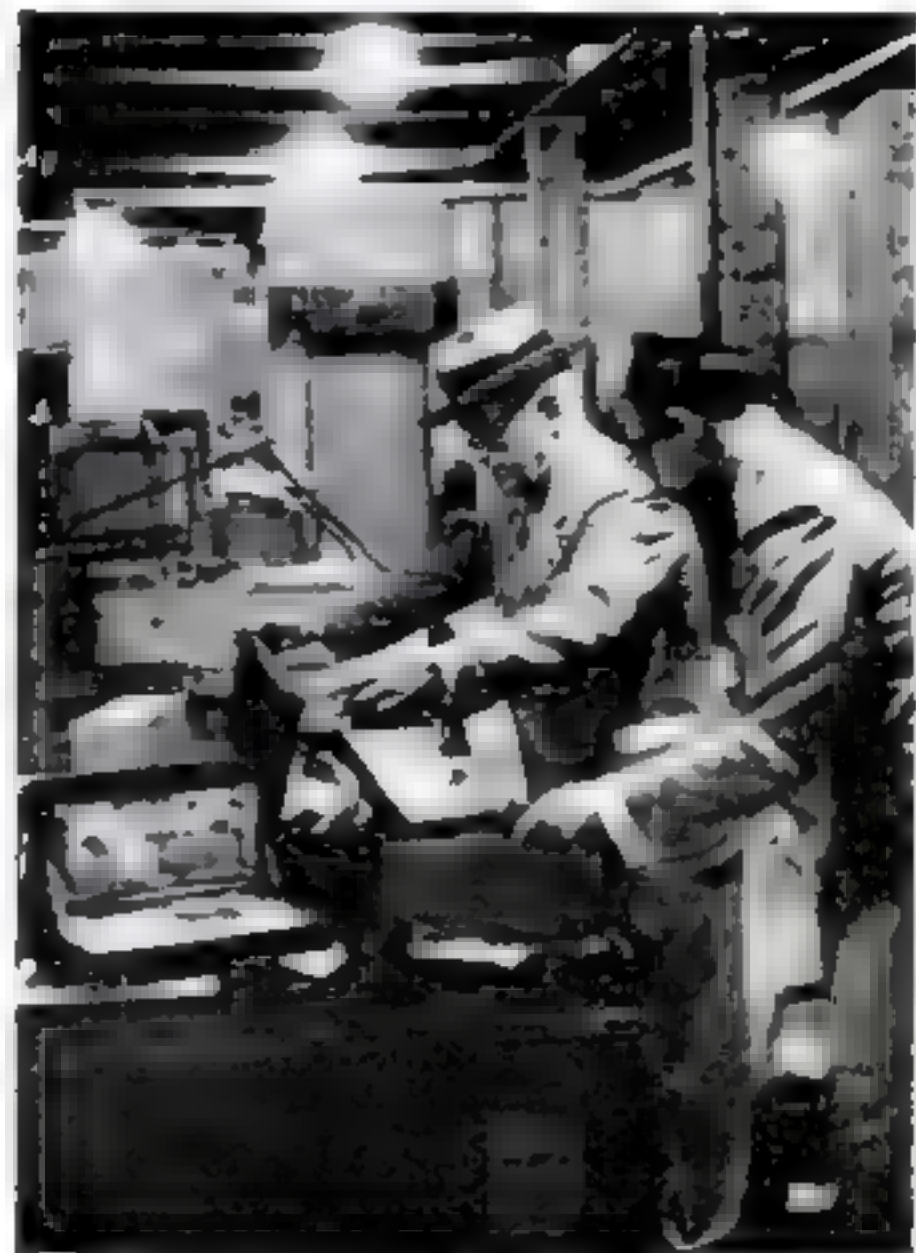
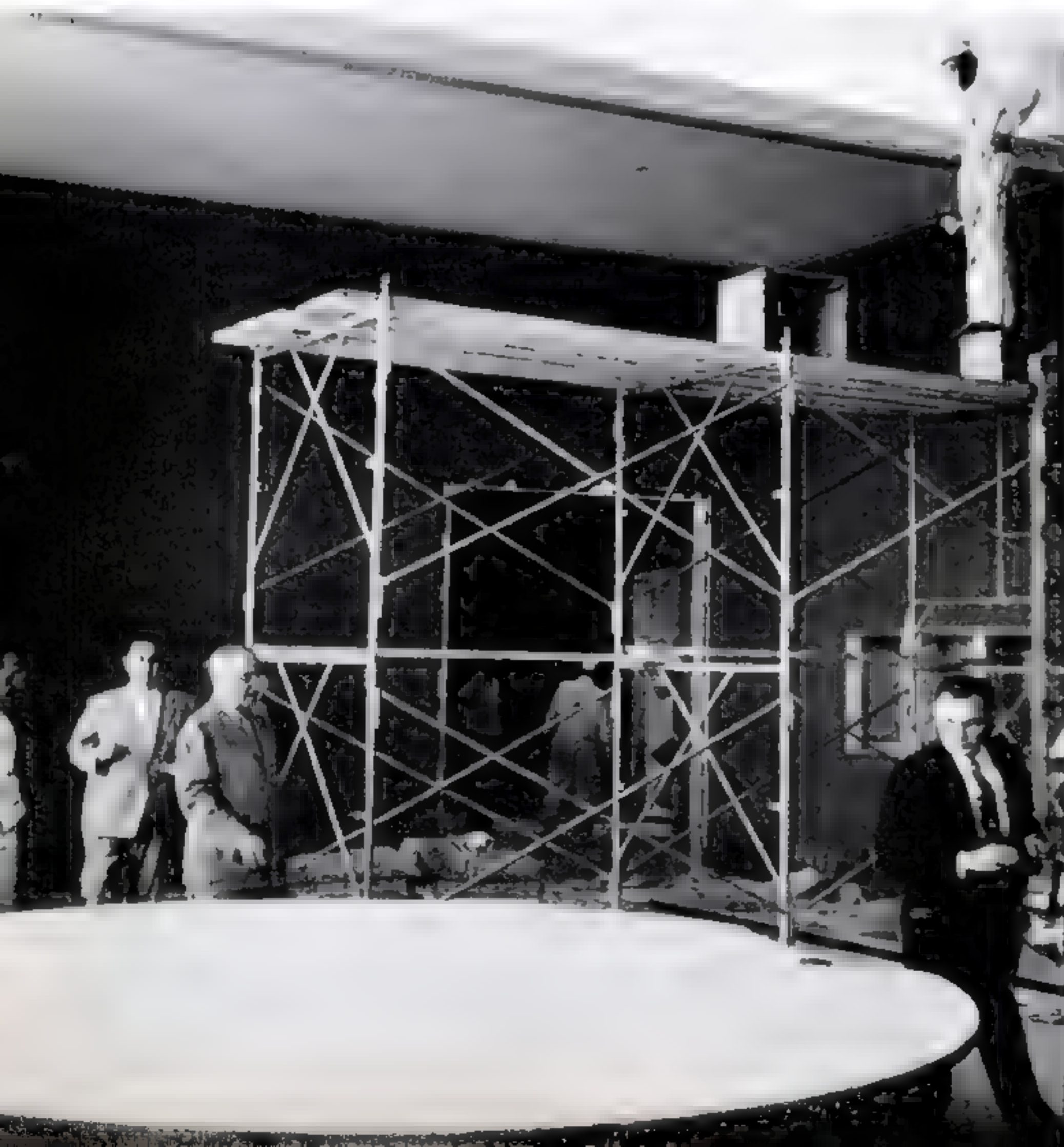
STORAGE ROOM TRUMAN TALKS WITH THE NEWLY APPOINTED DIRECTOR OF LIBRARY, DR. PHILIP BROOKS



AN OLD PIANO HAND picks out a tune on a Steinway, a gift of James Petullo of musicians' union.



THREE TRUMAN CHAIRS, from his army barber, from White House, from Cabinet, sit in basement.



SWORD COLLECTION, from King Saud and father, is looked over by Truman. One is worth \$37,000.

'THE FLAMES HAVE SPREAD'

THERE CAN BE MORE VICTORIES FOR THE AMERICAN PROPOSITION—AND MORE TRIALS

"I shall not die," wrote Thomas Jefferson to John Adams in 1821, "without a hope that light and liberty are on steady advance. . . . The flames kindled on the Fourth of July, 1776, have spread over too much of the globe to be extinguished by the feeble engines of despotism; on the contrary, they will consume these engines and all who work them." When Jefferson did die—on the same day in 1826 as Adams, and fittingly enough on the Fourth of July—he carried this hope to his tomb: that the truths of the American Proposition were so "self evident" as to fire the hearts of all men and to strike down tyranny everywhere. Now, 131 years later, we must ask if he was a prophet—or merely an optimist.

Looking back on the 19th Century, in which the application of the Proposition freed the slaves and tamed a continent, the incredible progress—at whatever cost in blood and sweat—proves Jefferson a prophet. The 20th Century's lesson is not so clear. The whole world has been riven by two wars. Civilization has reverted so far into savagery as to see millions of people burned in ovens, great cities laid waste, and nearly a third of mankind enslaved by Communism. To the American people, having spent tens of thousands of lives and untold billions to put down two European tyrannies, a decade of "peace" has brought nothing but the crushing and seemingly endless burden of a cold war—not to mention a very hot small war which took another 25,000 American lives. This fearful record makes the 18th Century optimism of Jefferson seem very far away.

But that is not the whole case. This record of many struggles is actually a record of the same struggle which Jefferson began, the only difference being that each generation has seen it shift gears to more awesome changes. The energy available to man has doubled just about every decade; the world's population is doubling each century; society itself has grown explosive. Man's inherent capacity for evil has been magnified a billion-fold, so that he is now compelled either to unify the world in justice or destroy it. He is compelled, in short, all the more urgently to prove or repudiate the heart of the American Proposition: that the universe is a moral universe and man is created to be free.

Viewed as one continuing struggle never completely won but never lost, the Proposition in this century has also been gaining strength. Like the earlier slavery, Hitler's diabolic version was annihilated. Western Europe, ravaged, hungry and hovering on the brink of Communism, was reconstructed and restored to economic health; Greece was saved; so was Iran; so was South Korea. In 1957 even Communism—which once seemed an irresistible wave of the future—is on the ebb.

If the end of the cold war is not in sight, for the first time in over a decade we can at last see signs of the end of the *beginning*. On July 4, 1957, it is heartening and hopeful to catalogue them.

First and foremost looms that watershed of history, Oct. 23, 1956, after which nothing again could ever be the same for Communism, even in its own house. On that day the people of Hungary, hardly more numerous than the population of New York City, dealt the Communist giant a fearful wound which it could never thereafter either heal or hide. Consider the spectacle of the "armed proletariat" (Soviet tanks) crushing an uprising of the workers of Budapest! All over the world the Communist movement was deserted by whatever genuine idealists it still held. And this very week 24 nations met solemnly in the United Nations to renew the world's condemnation of the Soviet rape of Hungary.

If Hungary did all this, Poland, which managed to win its bloodless revolt from Moscow, may in the long run prove to have struck it as damaging a blow. For when Khrushchev's angry ultimatum in Warsaw was successfully thrown in his face, a very dangerous example was set which has not been lost upon the other restive satellites. They are seething today. Even more important, in Russia itself university students are asking embarrassing questions about Hungary, showing a growing indifference to official propaganda and a general disinclination to provide the onerous labor which the Soviet must have. This "slacking" on the part of Soviet youth is coinciding with a shortage of Soviet manpower, resulting from the low birthrate of the World War II years, which places a new limitation on Soviet military might.

The ferment is blowing off gas as far away as Red China, which has multiplying troubles of its own. Mao Tse-tung seems to be openly trying to become the hero of the disaffected satellites. He has had the nerve to inform the Kremlin that, contrary to what it claims, "contradictions" do exist between Communist bosses and the workers, and that Hungary proved it. Where Communism once seemed to have an inside track in the ex-colonial world, emerging and viable nations, with strong leaders like Ngo Dinh Diem and the late Magsaysay, have proved the Jefferson concept still strikes sympathetic fire.

Communism is, more than anything else, an idea whose great appeal has always been its seemingly "scientific" exposition of the future. It will die as Communists cease to believe in it. A sign is coming from Communist Yugoslavia, the original defecting satellite. There, imprisoned for his ideas, Milovan Djilas, the top Marxist theoretician of the Yugoslav party, has just smuggled out a book analyzing from a Marxist viewpoint the contradictions of Communism, showing that it has merely replaced one ruling class with another, enslaving the workers more brutally than before. Djilas' book is bound to shake the morale of world Communists.

All these signs and portents argue the indestructibility of the Jeffersonian Proposition. As Hungary showed, even the brain-washed youth of Communism bear the undying flame of freedom in their hearts. As the U.N. condemnation shows, the world is more and more insisting on a moral order. A growing tide in the affairs of men affirms that the moral law, as Emerson put it, "lies at the center of nature and radiates to the circumference." And America itself, in its own stumbling way, has been faithful enough to the Proposition to win this compliment from the *London Times*: "No nation has ever come into the possession of such powers for good or ill, for freedom or tyranny, for friendship or enmity among the peoples of the world . . . and no nation in history has used these powers, by and large, with greater vision, restraint, responsibility and courage."

As it would be folly to slacken this courage now, at a time when our pressures have brought Communism to the cracking point, so it would be disloyal to the Proposition to assume that even if this victory is won—even if Communism disappeared tomorrow—the endless struggle will not go on in different form. It is the nature of free men to struggle and of faith to be forever tried. But it is not vain to hope on July 4, 1957, that the day is appreciably nearer when Mr. Jefferson's self-evident concepts will breach even the Kremlin walls, consume the contemporary "engines of despotism," and await whatever new and undetermined ordeal the future is bound to bring.

New idea— individual fruit pies!

*Now you can serve each person the pie
he likes best — with no extra work!*

It's easy to please everybody at the table when each person gets his choice of individual-size Swanson Fruit Pies—apple, cherry, blueberry or peach—without making any extra work for yourself and without having any left-overs.

And each pie—fresh-frozen by Swanson, fresh-baked by you—is a masterpiece. The secret's in the special fruit Swanson chooses—and in the improved process that freezes the delicious flavorful fruit inside Swanson's famous tender, extra-flaky crust. No heavy thickening is used.

You bake a better pie every time by just popping a Swanson Pie into the oven—without defrosting.

SPECIAL LIMITED OFFER!

When you buy Swanson Fruit Pies,
save 10¢ on *Campbell's* Frozen Soup!

1. Buy any variety individual-size Swanson frozen Fruit Pies in specially marked package.
2. Use the coupon you'll find in each package when buying any variety of Campbell's Frozen Soup—Green Pea with Ham, Cream of Potato, Oyster Stew, Cream of Shrimp, Old Fashioned Vegetable with Beef.
3. Your grocer will allow you 10¢ off for each coupon toward purchase of the soup.



2 individual pies to each package.

FRESH
FROZEN



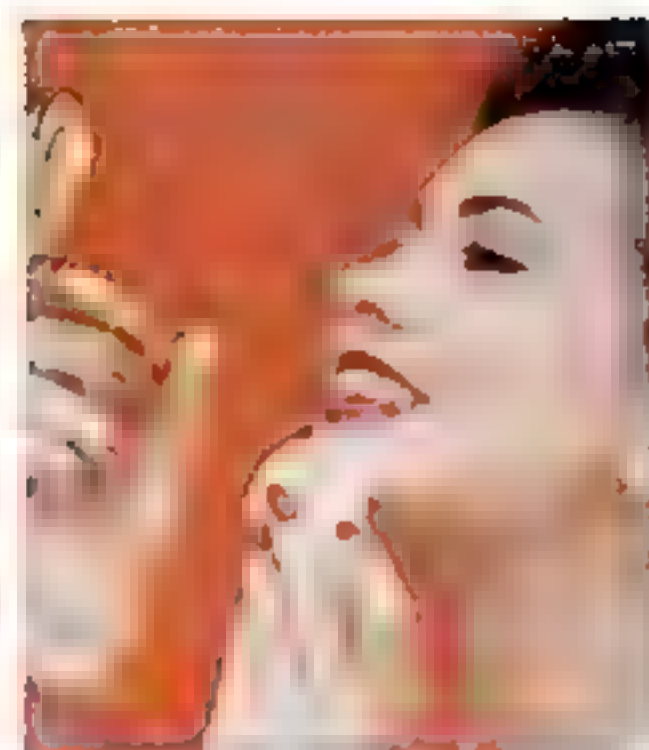
FROZEN FRUIT PIES

Apple • Cherry • Blueberry • Peach



As soon as you take up with make-up you need

Salon Cold Cream



Its balanced emulsifying action gives you the clean skin you need today...
to have beautiful skin tomorrow!



This is the fluffy light but determined cleanser developed by the famous Dorothy Gray Salon in New York . . . to clean your skin cleaner!

Its special formula allows just the right amount of liquid to take its purifying oils deep down into your skin, there to melt and draw to the surface all the old dirt, make-up and hardened secretions that block your pores. You can be sure when you tissue it off that you are removing clogging impurities that could cause blemishes!

Soap doesn't go deep enough to do it. Some liquid cleansers are too watery, others not effective enough to lift out deep-dirt. Oily creams do not have the emulsifying action needed to dislodge embedded grime. You need Salon Cold Cream...to be sure you'll have good clean skin always.

In Canada, too

Big Extra. Salon Cold Cream leaves an invisible shield to help guard your skin against dryness!

For beauty the modern way



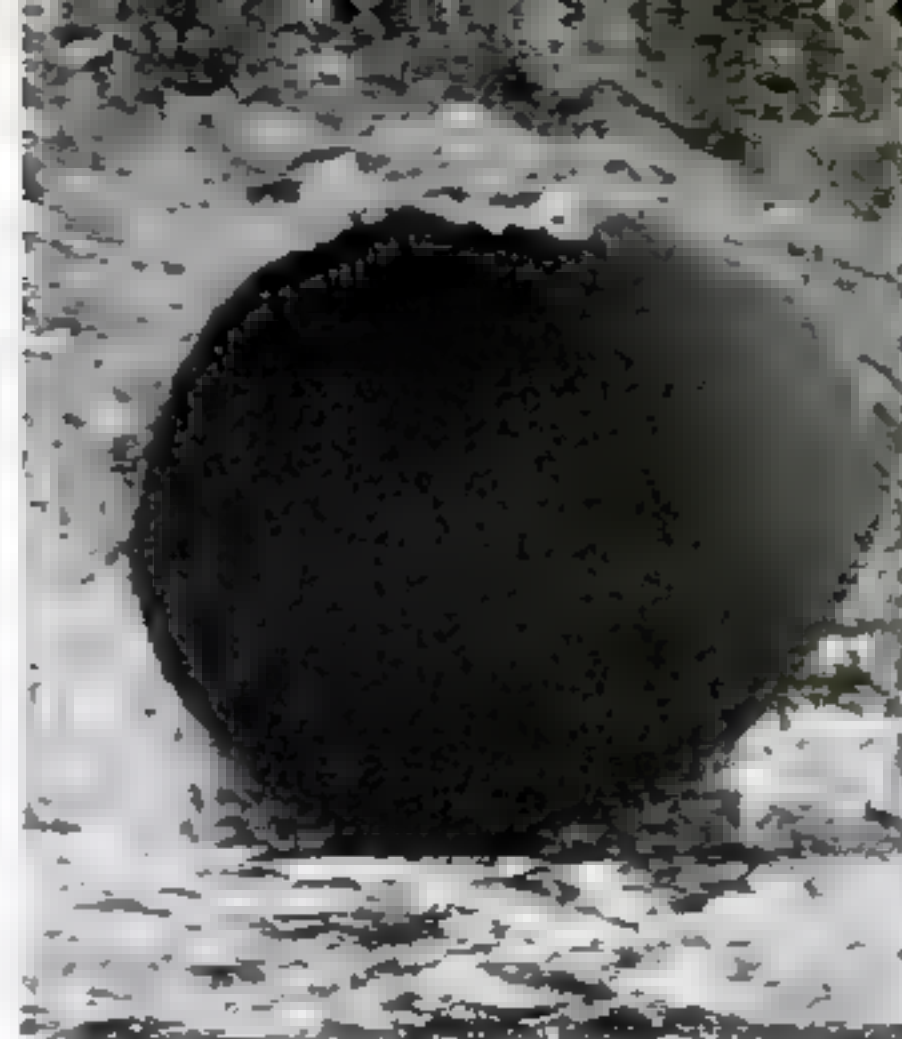
Dorothy Gray

BIG DRILL COMES TO THE RESCUE

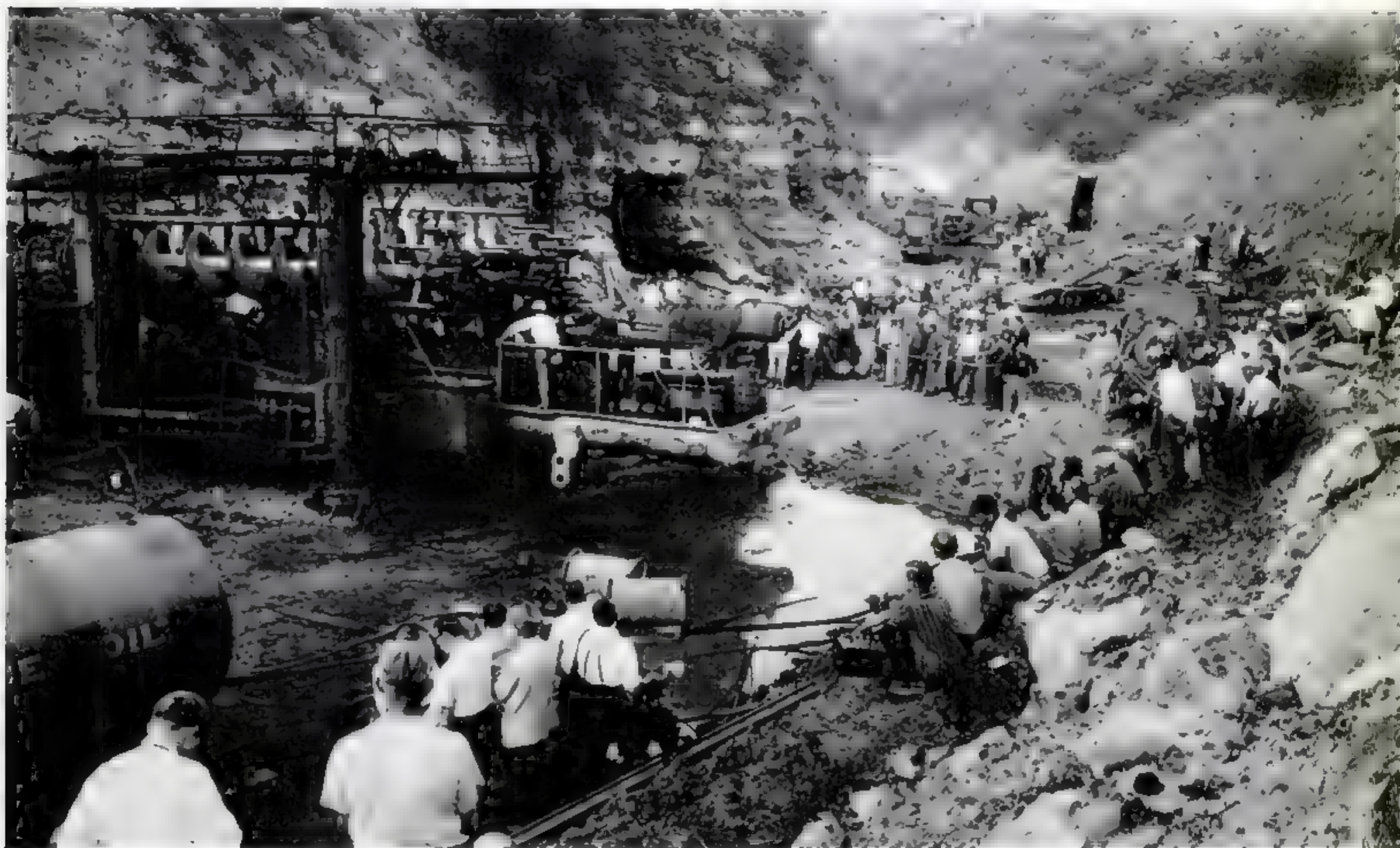
At the Powhatan mine between Fernwood and Dogtown in southern Ohio, a section of horizontal mine shaft collapsed and five coal miners were trapped in a rocky chamber beneath a hill. Men clawing the rubble failed to reach them. Then the mine superintendent—in a brilliant stroke—called for his big Compton coal auger, a 38-ton monster with bits 42 inches across which is used to drill into veins of coal.

Now, set at the bottom of the hill, the auger

started to drill an escape route for the entombed miners. On the first try rescuers were blocked by fallen rock. The auger started from another point but again was frustrated. On the third try, using 12 bits added in sequence, the auger pushed through. As rescuers pulled the bits out, the trapped miners came crawling through. One of the five gave the auger an appreciative tap with his hammer as another said feelingly, "She hit us right on the button."



BIT MADE ESCAPE HOLE 42 INCHES IN DIAMETER



AS AUGER BORES IN, crowd of rescuers, relatives and onlookers watch hopefully. The big steel bit, powered by a 300-hp diesel engine, cuts hole into hill

at an average rate of 2½ feet a minute. Success of rescue depended on the precision of the auger's operators in aiming the drilling head at the trapped men.



RESCUED MINER, Joe Supinski (center), 32, was told by tearful wife, "You're never going into the mines again." "I'll go back," he replied. "I'm a miner."



RELIEVED RELATIVES, wife Este (left) and daughter Judy, of Kenny Hamilton, 38, greet him after he was rescued. "I still like the work," said Hamilton.



NEW FACES OF THE COMMONWEALTH

Five of the 10 faces were new as leaders of the British Commonwealth, shown with Queen Elizabeth II at Windsor Castle, met in London. Left to right: Canada's Diefenbaker; Britain's Macmillan; Australia's Menzies; South Africa's Louw (External Affairs); Pakistan's

Suhrawardy; India's Nehru; the Rhodesias' Welensky; Ghana's Nkrumah; New Zealand's Foreign Minister MacDonal; Ceylon's Minister of Justice de Silva. Diefenbaker, Macmillan, Suhrawardy, Welensky, Nkrumah had all taken office since the last meeting a year ago.



OLD STORY OF A LIGHTED MATCH

A massive column of smoke billowed up from a Nevada mountainside as a forest fire raged for 24 hours out of control, destroying a quarter of a million dollars' worth of timber, sparing

the town of Genoa at the bottom of the mountain only because the wind blew the flames the other way. It all happened because a careless boy dropped a lighted match into the brush.

A LOOK



SUBDUED RIOTERS

At Santa Rita Rehabilitation Center in California rioting prisoners, their eyes and lungs full of tear gas, lay coughing and weeping. Sixty men staged a sitdown strike and wrecked their barracks before guards drove them out with the gas. The prisoners' complaint: bad food.

SPEEDSTER'S ESCAPE

East Germany's Gerhardt Mueller was leading his class after two laps of the Grand Prix of Vienna motorboat races when, attempting to dodge around a boat that had stalled, he struck a big wave and somersaulted. As a section of his boat broke off in mid-air, Mueller (shown underneath the flying piece) was thrown into the water. But he escaped with minor injuries.

AT THE WORLD'S WEEK



CONTINUED



LAST STOP IN THE DESERT

Flying over the Mojave Desert in southern California, pilot Don Krogh saw a figure sprawled beside a bicycle in the broiling sun. He took this picture, then notified the sheriff. It was the body of a man who had apparently been overcome by the heat, collapsed beside his bicycle and died.

SHOES OFF IN THE MOSQUE →

Before President and Mrs. Eisenhower went to the dedication of Washington's new \$1.4 million mosque their Moslem hosts said that as Protestants they would not have to remove their shoes. But to the delight of their hosts the Eisenhowers observed Moslem practice. In the prayer room Mamie was in stocking feet and the President wore slippers as Saudi Arabian Ambassador Sheikh Abdullah al-Khayyal (left) took them around.



UNIQUE ANIMAL BABY

In a Paris zoo a lively 20-day-old okapi named Ebola showed off her stripes and made animal history. No okapi born in captivity had survived before—the easily excitable mothers usually trample them to death. But Ebola was watched carefully and along with the mother was doing fine.



ANIMAL MANNEQUINS

In one of Rome's most exclusive boutiques on the elegant Piazza di Spagna a pair of ingenious fashion designers added a new fillip to their window display. Disdaining orthodox mannequins, they gave their newest creations a more exotic look by draping them on a swan, a cat and a horse.

THE MIGHTY CHRYSLER

When you drive the Chrysler Windsor, you'll find it's the most fun you've ever had in a car.



THE MIGHTY CHRYSLER WINDSOR TWO-DOOR HARDTOP WITH YEARS-AHEAD TONS ON-AIR SUSPENSION AS STANDARD EQUIPMENT

ONLY CHRYSLER GIVES YOU SO MUCH FOR SO LITTLE

Here is the car that changed the "look" of motoring, with styling other cars will be imitating for years to come. Here is the car that changed the "feel" of motoring with Torsion-Aire Ride, the greatest engineering improvement of the year. When you visit your Chrysler Dealer and drive the Chrysler Windsor, it may also change a lot of your ideas about fine car value. This is a

prestige car by every standard of quality, yet you can own it for the cost of most medium-priced cars.

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Now in the
\$3000
price range

PART I

THE MIGHTY

KING RANCH BRAND, THE "RUNNING W,"
LOOMS ABOVE A MODERN HERD

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY MASON

RANCH OF RICHARD KING

An American epic that started with a stowaway ended in the world's greatest cattle enterprise

Text and drawings by **TOM LEA**

Condensed from Volume I of The King Ranch to be published Sept. 16 by Little, Brown & Co.

HE was his own sole witness. We know no more of his beginnings than he himself chose to tell—no record but his own testimony now exists. Yet he did choose to tell, and to make it a matter of record, how and why and when he began a rough life single handed.

The sailing ship *Desdemona* stood four days out of New York, bound for Mobile. In the choppy waters off Hatteras a sea detail went below to secure shaken cargo. Deck hands working along the hold heard footfalls and a scrambling in the dark. Throwing a beam of lantern light, searching between the high dark piles of crowded freight, the hands found him. They dragged him up the hatch—he fought all the way. The captain, standing near the helmsman, peered hard at the boy brought before him.

The captain rapped out questions, the stowaway answered with the truth. His name was Richard King. He was 11 years old. He was born in the city of New York. The 10th of July, 1824. His parents came from Ireland. They were poor as any could be. When he was 9 they apprenticed him to a jeweler to learn the trade, for board and keep.

He didn't like that jeweler. And it wasn't so much of a trade, what he learned. Mostly fetching and carrying. He stood it as long as he could. And then he ran away.

Yes, he did know the penalty. But—would the captain not send him back? Please not send him back! He would work—he wanted to work.

The master looked down at the 11-year-old runaway. Something about the story, something about

the square little jaw, touched at the hard-eyed skipper. Richard King never went back.

He served *Desdemona* as a cabin boy. He listened well; he jumped when ordered. As the days followed each other and the ship's bell marked the hours and the vessel made its steady southing, a softness came to the air, a blueness to the sea. The *Desdemona* sailed through the straits, and coasted Florida to Mobile Bay.

The breeze carried a smell of flowers and a stronger smell of pine pitch. Towering sails moved through the bay. Steamboats huffed choking black smoke, churning their big wheels. It was far enough from gray Manhattan. Richard King went to work as a steamboat "cub" on the southern rivers.

He learned from clanging bells, hissing pipes, fireboxes that roared, gauge needles that trembled. He came to

know the deck of a pilothouse under the soles of his boots, with the feel of the wheel, of the current, of the rudder in his hands. His evident ability, in spite of his youth, earned him a pilot's license. In 1847, at New Orleans, he signed on as a steamboat pilot in U.S. government service for the duration of the Mexican War.

One day that spring a quartermaster's sloop came about and lay to before the treacherous bar at the mouth of the Rio Grande. One passenger got into the dinghy with the oarsmen, and they rowed ashore. When the dinghy touched the beach, the passenger jumped out with his sea bag. Richard King moved inland, carrying all that he owned on his



RICHARD KING AS A YOUNG MAN

TEXT CONTINUES AFTER SIX PAGES OF PHOTOGRAPHS

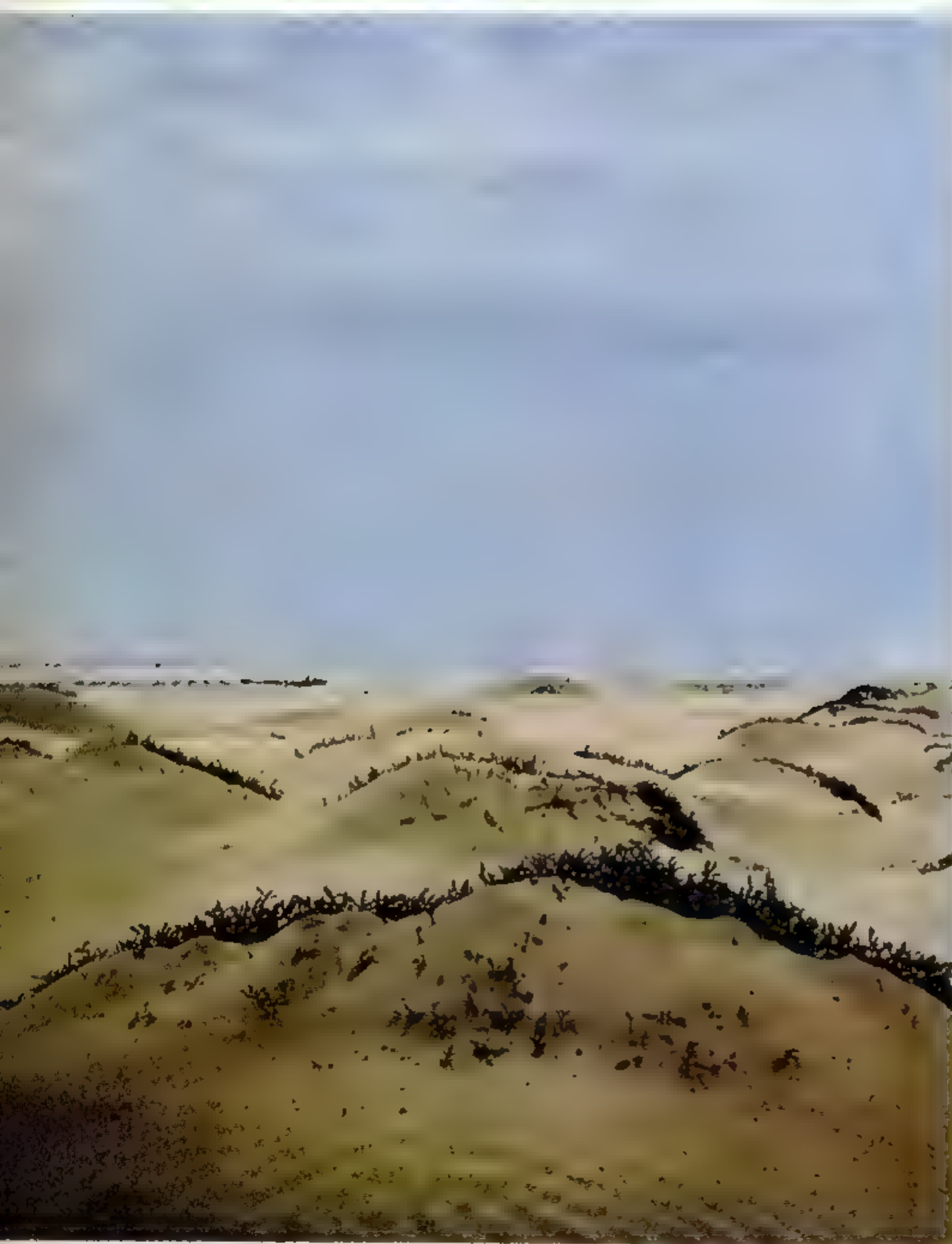
THE WAITING EMPTY LAND OF TEXAS

WHERE THE FOUNDER SETTLED

The Texas that Richard King first saw looked very much like these pictures taken today: shifting sand dunes along the coast, a troublesome river where he at first earned his living, and a boundless expanse of unused prairie, dotted with trees and usually green with grass. Some of this land had once been ranched by Spanish and Mexican owners, but it had stood abandoned since the Texas revolution. Indians still roamed there, along with "hide-peelers," mustang hunters and assorted cutthroats from both sides of the border. But mostly it stood waiting, for strong men who could hold it.

Today some 865,000 acres of this land are

owned by King's descendants and are known as the King Ranch. Though not the biggest ranch in the world, the King Ranch is, in terms of output and efficiency, the world's leading cattle enterprise. The hardihood of the men who have worked there—cowboys and owner-managers alike—has become a Southwest legend. In its exposed location in south Texas near the Mexican border the ranch has borne the brunt of wars and attacks by bandits. In peacetime it has been a pioneer in agricultural progress. The beginnings from which all these things came are pictured on the next four pages and described in the text which follows.



THE COAST where Pilot King first landed was a sandy beach near the mouth of the Rio Grande. He

walked over dunes like these to report for Army duty at Boca del Rio, a settlement of rivermen.



THE RIO GRANDE where King became a captain and co-owner of steamboats recedes to a shallow





channel in times of drought. This happened in 1853–54 and helped turn King toward ranching.

THE LAND where the King Ranch began—and remains—is rich in grass and shade wherever there

is water. The early Texans called it Wild Horse Desert, for the mustang herds that ranged there.



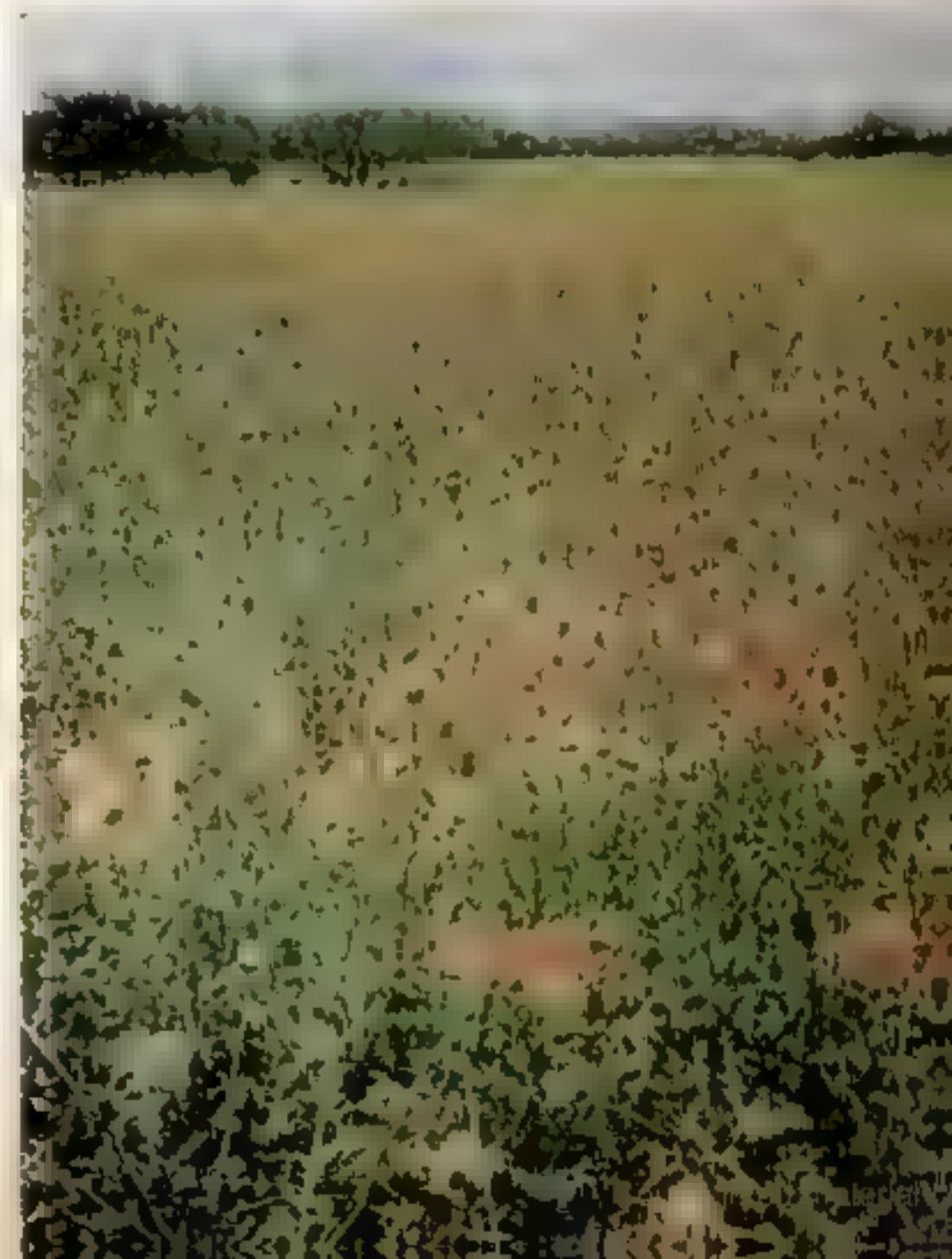


SINEWY THIN-RUMPED LONGHORNS FIRST STOCKED THE KING RANCH. THEY COULD LIVE ON SCANT GRASS AND WALK MANY MILES TO MARKET. A FEW DESCENDANTS



WILD GAME abounded on the original ranch and is carefully preserved today. Here three amorous turkey gobblers, oblivious of the camera, put on a feather-spreading dance for the eye of a lone hen.

WILDFLOWERS carpet the range after welcome rains and coverts of live oak trees provide a background of green. But thistles (right) which choke out grass are an unwelcome sight to cattlemen





ARE KEPT TODAY FOR THE SAKE OF OLD TIMES



PRIMITIVE PUMP of wood is similar to the ones installed on the early ranch. Craftsmen from old

Mexico dug the first water storage holes and built earthwork dams, using raw hides to drag the dirt



DEPENDABLE WATER of Santa Gertrudis creek determined the ranch's location. Modern cowboys

above are on iron-gray horses, descended from one that Jesse James is said to have given to King.



A MASS MIGRATION gave Captain King many expert hands he needed for his new ranch. The procession above, which was photographed this year in

Mexico, re-enacts what actually happened when King hired all the vaqueros from a village in Tamaulipas. The whole village moved 200 miles and began a



new life on King's ranch. They brought their poultry and pets and built their first houses of wood and dirt, with thatched roofs. The men, practicing the

cattle-handling skills that originated in Mexico, became known as *Kineños* (King Ranch men). Many of their descendants still work for the ranch today.

SHELL FROM A TO Z — AN ALPHABET



E is for

Engine—for driving, pulling, lifting—even rescuing forlorn kittens. Engines have taken over most of the routine, man-breaking “muscle” jobs. They let us concentrate on the kind of work we do best: thinking, planning, leading. Engines fed on oil are the biggest reason we work less, accomplish more, live better.

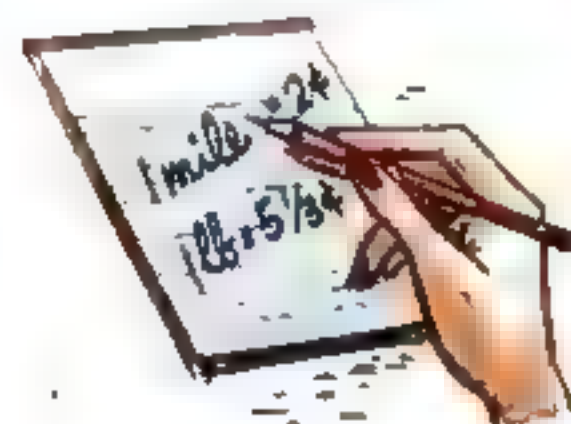
East Chicago

In this Indiana town there's a plumber's nightmare: 5250 feet of pipeline in one room. Here Shell develops pipeline techniques to move oil products at less cost. One way: send 22 products, one after another, through one pipeline, yet keep each separate and pure.



Eco 1

Quick question in an Economics course: how do you judge value? Easy — divide price by service. Take gasoline: including 40% taxes, it costs only 2¢ a mile. You buy its mighty power for just 5½¢ a pound!



OF GOOD THINGS ABOUT PETROLEUM

Egg

An almost invisible guardian keeps a fresh egg fresh longer. It's paraffin—used in milk containers, candles, and, of course, waxed paper. 3,750,000 pounds of this petroleum product are used every year. A big ball of wax—from oil.



Eureka



Like Archimedes, research men get good ideas anywhere, any time. Today, though, you need more than ideas and luck. You need a *team* of brains—like Shell Development Company. Here, scientists from the world's great universities pry into oil's secrets to help make your life easier, simpler, healthier.

En route

What's the easiest way from Jay, N. Y., to Azusa, Calif.? Or the most scenic route through the Great Smokies? It's vacation quiz time—and Shell has the answers. Ask your Shell dealer about our travel service. It's complete, fast, free.



Epon[®]

To today's chemical magician, a rabbit out of a hat is old stuff. Take Shell's new Epon resin. In one form, it bonds metal to metal—actually replaces rivets! It makes air-light foam insulation, a protective lining for cans, tough tool dies. Epon—a name to remember.



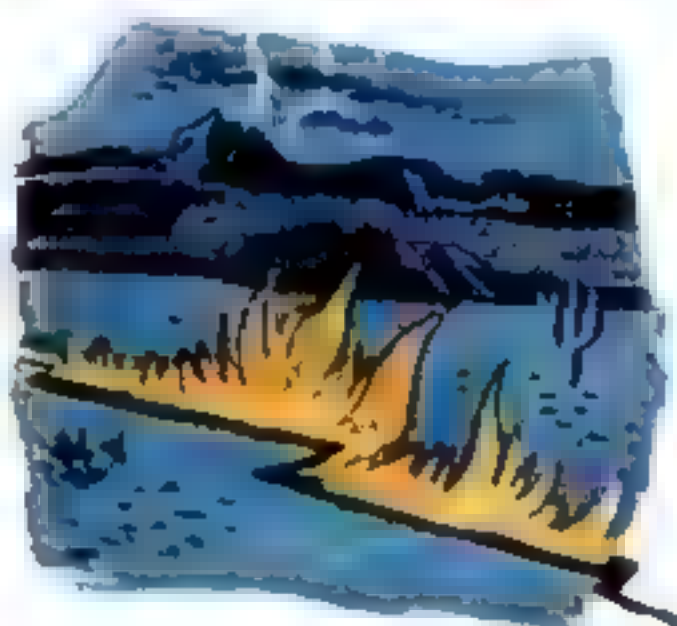
Exploration man

At a fierce 130° in the desert, and a frosty 60° below in the Arctic, this scientist finds oil for us—and for you. It's a rugged job: all the easy-to-find oil has been discovered. Yet, today's "oil explorer" searches for oil in secret hiding places deep in the earth—even beneath the floor of the sea.



Eternal fire

Six thousand years ago, lightning flashed near natural gas seepage—and the legend of eternal fire was born. Today, oil companies conserve and utilize natural gas resources. Growing use for natural gas: home heating and cooking in areas beyond the gas mains.



Every day a new product enters our lives. It may be unseen—like a new soundproofing for our cars. Or it may roar in to herald an exciting new age—like Shell's new UMF[®] fuel for rocket engines. New ideas, new ways to solve old problems are born of the restless competition that carries us forward. The oil industry is a perfect example. New kinds of rugged plastics, higher powered gasoline for your car's higher powered engine, butadiene for air foam mattresses, glycerine for cosmetics. These are just a few of the hundreds of good things oil company competition puts on sale for you every day.

Sign of a better future for you
THE SHELL COMPANIES

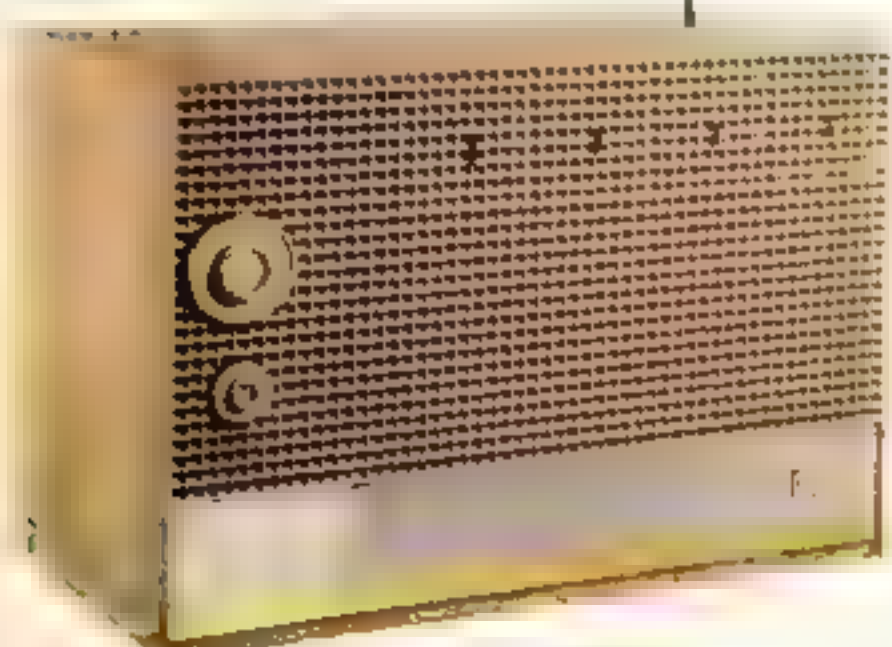


Only WESTINGHOUSE brings you an air conditioner "fashion-thin" to blend in



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New Streamliner is so thin, so low, so smart you hardly know it's there!



Custom model shown as little as \$3.49 a week after small down payment

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REFRIGERATION SPECIALTIES DIVISION SPRINGFIELD 2, MASS.

KING RANCH CONTINUED

shoulders and in his skull. Over the tops of the dunes on the other side of the river, he saw the ragged clump of smugglers' hovels, the Mexican place with the joking name of Bagdad; upriver on the Texas side, his eyes found another weather-grayed straggle of shanties, the boatmen's camp lettered on the charts: *Boca del Rio*, Mouth of the River. Beyond it, the metallic shine of the stream wound westward in the haze of the brush.

[ED. NOTE: Richard King was successful on the river. He was a steamboat captain at the age of 23 and after the Mexican War he became a partner with Kenedy and others in a profitable monopoly of the Rio Grande steamboat traffic. At this time the vast prairie between the Rio Grande and the Nueces River to the north stood abandoned by its Mexican owners. Captain King and another partner, Captain Gideon K. ("Legs") Lewis of the Texas Rangers, set up a cow camp on unused land beside the Santa Gertrudis Creek, about 45 miles southwest of Corpus Christi. Then they began buying titles to this and other lands which formed the nucleus of the present King Ranch. In 1855 the dashing Captain Lewis was shot dead by an irate husband in Corpus Christi; in 1860 King's close friend and steamboating partner, Miffin Kenedy, became a partner in ranching as well.]

More than 300 years before Richard King and Legs Lewis put a cow camp together, the shipwrecked *conquistador*, Alvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca, wandered naked and hungry in the region of the Santa Gertrudis. He recorded an opinion of the wilderness he found: *All over the land are vast and handsome pastures, with good grass for cattle; and it strikes me the soil would be very fertile were the country inhabited and improved by reasonable people.*

It was natural for Cabeza de Vaca to think of pastures. His people had a tradition as herdsmen. Before Hernando Cortés had actually secured the City of Mexico, Spaniards sailing to Vera Cruz in 1521 brought to the shores of North America the first cattle. This landing of domestic kine was an act partaking of destiny for the western half of the New World, an event of huge economic portent for the waiting land of unexplored plain and plateau and mountain slope where natural rainfall would never bring crops but always brought grass.

The hardy and tough-sinewed Spanish cattle, tinged with the savage blood of the fighting bulls of the *plazas*, seemed exactly fitted to thrive in the new continent. Running wild, they increased enormously. Great livestock haciendas sprang into being. The hacienda's work developed a picturesque and unprecedented type of New World herdsman: the vaquero.

It was this vaquero of Mexico who invented a technique for the horseback handling of half-wild cattle on an open range. He became adept at tossing a coiled rawhide rope he made with a sliding noose. He sat a saddle with a pommel he designed and built as a sturdy snubbing post for his rope, to hold what he caught. He rode a strong-legged and tender-mouthed pony he trained for the work of herding and roping. He used the branding iron derived from Spain to burn the mark of ownership into the animal's living hide.

In the year 1853 when Richard King paid \$300 for a first parcel of land, his own race of Anglo-Saxon pioneers had done little to devise a method of livestock husbandry suited to the nature of the frontier. The colonists who had come to Texas from the east and north were by heritage tillers of arable lands, woodsmen, dwellers amidst trees. The burgeoning of a livestock economy in early Texas was the natural and inevitable product of many hands and minds. In the workings of history, the Spanish cattle engendered the Texas Longhorn. The Mexican vaqueros became the prototypes of the cowboy. The Mexican haciendas provided the primal outlines for the pattern which produced the later Cattle Kingdom of the American West. Pre-eminent as a medium through which these things came to pass was Richard King.

It is more than probable that his first plans for a ranching business grew from the fact that he was in the shipping business. He saw a



THE VAQUEROS who worked for King were superb riders, valiantly loyal and proud of their jobs. Pay in early days was 25 pesos (\$25) a month plus keep.

connection. The only widely marketed and steadily profitable products from cattle raising in Mexico were hides and tallow. The meat went largely unused; there were no channels for the profitable movement of beeves from remote pastures to the centers of population. Richard King, aware of what prairies of grass produced when inhabited and improved, anticipated a day when meat to feed multitudes would not go wasted.

King and Lewis hired their friend Captain James Richardson, an intrepid gunman and veteran of the Mexican War, to guard and command their camp in case of attack, and to act as foreman of the works during their absences. A rough stockade and blockhouse were probably the first real construction works on the camp site. War surplus cannon from the steamboats were freighted in and mounted on the compound.

The steamboat captain who considered ranching a business enterprise was not long in setting up a businesslike accounting of it. His first *Ranch Account Book*, still preserved at Santa Gertrudis, carries entries during the two years of 1854 and 1855. Immediate and minute details of daily living glint from its pages:

Powder and hard bread	\$1.25
Captain G. K. Lewis one pair boots	5.50
One large wagon taken in pawn	60.00
Cash paid Bill Houston on the road 8th inst.	10.00
Cash paid Fradin repairing guns, pistols, etc.	25.00
Advanced to men at Mungillas (they run off)	18.00
Making cattle brand	2.00

CONTINUED



TOM LEA

THE BOOK IS A TEXAS PRODUCT, TOO

"The King Ranch," a king-sized history of 838 pages, was entirely written and printed in Texas. Tom Lea, the Texas-born author, has won wide fame both for his novels ("The Brave Bulls," "The Wonderful Country") and his paintings—he was a LIFE artist-correspondent in World War II. Research was done by Holland McCombs, longtime Texas correspondent for TIME, LIFE and FORTUNE. The printer is Carl L. Hertzog of El Paso. As a final touch Lea wrote the last pages with a pen made from the feather of a wild goose shot on the King Ranch.



HOLLAND MCCOMBS

Drought conditions during 1854 and 1855 worked to the advantage of King and Lewis in the prices they paid for their first herds. The earliest entry on the purchase of cattle is dated Jan. 12, 1854, "for 42 cows taken in by Juan Cantú, \$208.00 with 20% duties, charges and expenses on same, \$54.60," indicating that cows were selling at about \$5 a head somewhere near the border in Mexico, and that they cost about \$6.25 a head delivered at Santa Gertrudis.

Horses were bought in smaller bunches than cattle, but made larger cumulative investments. From the very beginning, entries in the account book indicate that King was buying not only cheap and plentiful mustang stock, but stud horses of real quality for up-breeding purposes. On Nov. 28, 1854, Richard King paid for a single stallion exactly twice as much as he had paid for the whole Rincón de Santa Gertrudis grant: "one sorrel stud called 'Whirlpool' at Lotts, \$600."

A honeymoon on the ranch

THE 120 miles of lonely road from Santa Gertrudis to Brownsville became familiar to Captain King. It was necessary to travel that road often on journeys between the river where the money came from and the ranch where the money went. But business was not the sole reason for his journeys.

At the evening service of the First Presbyterian Church of Brownsville on Sunday, Dec. 10, 1854, Miss Henrietta M. Chamberlain sat at her accustomed place in the choir. The gown she wore was most certainly new, of peach-colored ruffled silk, with a front of white silk mull "shirred and trimmed with beading, and white baby ribbons under sleeves of white lace." The hymns, the prayers, the sermon seemed long, eternally long, that Sunday evening.

When the service came to its end at last, the congregation remained seated and another ceremony began. Henrietta Chamberlain arose from her seat and came from the choir. Richard King stepped forward. Standing before the pulpit, the Reverend Hiram Chamberlain solemnly united his daughter and the captain in the bonds of Holy Matrimony. For a wedding journey and a honeymoon, Captain King took his bride to the Santa Gertrudis. There is an entry in the *Ranch Account Book* dated Nov. 28, 1854, "one large closed carriage and harness now in Corpus Christi \$400," and a December item, "fit out, to go the trip to the Rancho \$25."

The "large closed carriage" was a stagecoach; the trip from Brownsville to the bridegroom's rancho took four days. Armed outriders paced their mounts alongside the coach by day and stood guard at the camps by night. A ranch cook handled skillets and pots by a golden fire in the December dark. Blurred shapes of oak mottes and dim thickets of thorn stood upon a horizon of prairies in starlight, and coyotes sang.

Across the matted grass of a drought-dusty prairie, 120 wilderness miles from the amenities of Brownsville, the bride saw the rancho for the first time. Under bare trees on the rise by the seep spring stood a cluster of earth-brown wattled huts, a gray tangle of shaggy mesquite corrals, a thatch-roofed commissary, a gaunt-faced blockhouse and stockade garnished with brass cannon.

Richard King called his bride Etta, sometimes Pet. It would seem that she called him Captain. From the day of her arrival at Santa Gertrudis, Henrietta King seems to have considered it home. Nearly six decades later she wrote of her first days: "When I came as a bride in 1854, the little ranch home then—a mere *jacal* as the Mexicans would call it—was our abode for many months until our main ranch dwelling was completed. But I doubt if it falls to the lot of any a bride to have had so happy a honeymoon. On horseback we roamed the broad prairies. When I grew tired my husband would spread a Mexican blanket for me and then I would take my siesta under the shade of the mesquite tree. . . . At home my pantry was so small my large platters were fastened to the walls outside. In those days large venison roasts were our favorite viands. . . . At first our cattle were long horns from Mexico. We had no fences and branding was hard work. . . ."

[ED. NOTE: The Civil War brought a great change to the Texas border and big profits to M. Kenedy & Co.'s steamboat enterprise, which dominated transportation along the Rio Grande. The King Ranch was a key station in the long road by which southern cotton in wagons was hauled across the Mexican border and shipped to Europe in foreign vessels, free of the Union blockade. When Federal soldiers moved into the lower Rio Grande, the ranch became an advance outpost for Confederate cavalry. King himself was an important "rebel agent" and Union troopers set out to capture him.]

Three days before Christmas 1863, a rider reined a sweated horse at the ranch headquarters gate. The rider wanted to see Captain King. He was a friend. "Captain," the friend said when they were alone, "tonight



TEXAS RANGERS, who were Zachary Taylor's mounted scouts and spies in Mexican War, later fought border bandits and recovered King Ranch cattle.

a troop of Yankees are coming to arrest you. I came to tell you."

The captain had no force on the ranch to resist a troop of cavalry; he might have had, but that day he was caught without it. Earlier in the year he had helped raise a mounted troop of Confederate home guards composed mostly of his own hard riding *Kineños* and commanded by his own ranch foreman. The company was not large but it was well mounted and it could fight. The day King needed it most, it was away on other business.

In the circumstances, armed resistance was risky anyway. He thought of his ranch people, his own wife, his four small children, their grandfather. Henrietta was seven months pregnant; a quick flight over rough and exposed roads invited tragedy. On the other hand, his family and all his noncombatant ranch people stood a good chance of being left unmolested if he himself was away when the enemy came.

While the best horse he had was being saddled, Captain King sent for the faithful ranch hand, Francisco Alvarado, the man who had built the first rough shacks at the cow camp a decade before.

"*Alal, ven acá, Francisco,*" the captain said very quietly, "Francisco, you go and sleep at my house and take care of my family. I have to leave now and I don't know when I can return."

When the captain had spoken to his family, he came out of the house with his black hat pulled down shading his eyes. The two men who were to ride with him were mounted, waiting. The road they took wound through shadow toward the darkening line where the winter sky met the earth in the south, toward the river.

Francisco Alvarado went into the house of the captain. *La Madama* herself placed a cot in the hall where he could rest while he watched. It was a long night.

In the silence of dim daybreak many hooves clattered. There were far yells, then the pop of a shot. Francisco Alvarado heard the wooden wall splinter and a bullet whine. Rifles opened fire with a cracking loud rattle. Francisco Alvarado jumped unarmed to the door and threw it open. He stepped into the ghost light on the covered porch in front of the open door and he shouted with the bull strength of his lungs.

"Don't fire on this house! There is a family here. . . ."

A ball smashed into him and he fell dead on the boards of the porch floor. Booted soldiers, their blue coats black in the dawn light, scuffled across the porch with cocked guns, into the open door. At an officer's command, men lifted up and carried the body through the door into

the parlor, laid it in front of the fireplace, lit a lamp—and saw they had not killed the man they came for.

Pointing guns, troopers shoved past the white defiant face of the pregnant woman, past the stone gray face of the old man standing ramrod straight and silent at the woman's side. A child cried in another room. The wife and the sons of Francisco Alvarado came to bend down over his body in the lamplight.

Every cranny of the house was searched. Probing sabers ran through the mattresses of the beds. Unable to find their man, the troopers turned their search into a ruidal plunder of the house where he lived. Men rode horses through all the downstairs. They smashed mirrors, china and windows, and wrecked furniture.

Horses and mules were rounded up for a drive. All adult males caught on the ranch were thrown into a prison pen. The raiders held the ranch until Christmas Eve. They left in a sudden great hurry, when unidentified horsemen were reported in the vicinity.

Day dawned bitter cold to light a sorry Christmas at the Santa Gertrudis. Henrietta King was helped into a coach, with her father and her children. At the home of friends in the town of San Patricio, on the 22nd of February, 1864, Henrietta King gave birth to a healthy and strong baby boy. She named him Robert E. Lee King.

Her captain was not idle. What it had cost him in spirit to ride from his ranch leaving the protection of his family to others, he never said. But that ride to the river marked an arrival of full maturity in the personality of Richard King. A formidableness, by which men ever after remembered him, at this time entered into the look of his eyes and changed the set of his massive 39-year-old shoulders. During the next 18 months, while the Confederacy died slowly, Rebel Agent King was a rough and tough rider in rough and tough times. He kept the cotton trains rolling past Yankee patrols and brigands, fought thieves that stole his cattle and horses, delivered beef and supplies to Confederate troops and served for a while as a private soldier in Richardson's company of black-hatted Rebel centaurs.

[ED. NOTE: Toward the end of the war the Confederates recaptured the Rio Grande port of Brownsville. Richard King, as a contractor in cotton and army supplies, made up all he had lost during the Union occupation, and more. When peace came he was granted amnesty and a presidential pardon after pledging loyalty to the United States. His family, who had lived out the war in San Antonio, rejoined him. King spent the next few years reorganizing his ranching enterprise, fighting off armed bands of Mexican cow thieves and building plank fence around part of his range land. In 1869 King and Kenedy by mutual, friendly agreement, dissolved their ranching partnership while Kenedy remained his friend and close neighbor. King became, for the first time, sole owner of the Santa Gertrudis ranch.]

Captain King could not have chosen a more profitable time to become an independent ranch proprietor than the spring of 1870. It was the first great "banner year" of the Texas cattle drives to northern markets. Trails were already well beaten; the Kansas Pacific could shunt cars by the hundreds alongside the chutes leading from the big sprawl of cattle pens already built at booming Abilene. For the three seasons since 1867, long trains had been carrying bawling, horn-clashing loads eastward across the plains to the Missouri and beyond, to growing packing plants providing growing cities with growing volumes of meat to eat.

Profits of the cattle drives

IT WAS about 1,100 miles from the Santa Gertrudis headquarters to the railroad sidings in Kansas and the cattle had to walk. Captain King owned a breed that could do it. His strong-legged Longhorns, with a vitality shaped by generations of survival in unfenced wilderness, could be driven 10 or 12 miles a day for 100 unremitting days or more, through heat or cold or drought or deluge, across mountain or plain or unbridged river—and arrive thriving.

In 1870 stockmen in south Texas were affectionately referring to 3-year-old steers as "roaming \$20 gold pieces." A beef steer worth \$11 in Texas brought \$20 from a northern buyer in Abilene, who got at least \$31.50 at the stockyards in Chicago. King had at least 33,000 head of cattle on his own ranch in the spring of 1870; and from November 1869 to August 1872 he sold at least 13,500.

In 1873 the "Black Friday" panic in Wall Street struck suddenly at the money market of the nation and many western stockmen were ruined. Captain King managed to sell his 1873 herds before the crash. In the hard year of 1874 King devoted a large corner of the Santa Gertrudis tract to sheep and tided his ranch over until the beef market grew firm again. In the subsequent years, cattle ranching grew steadily

CONTINUED



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KING RANCH CONTINUED

into the dimensions of a boom which did not burst until 1885.

The King cattle were ordinarily driven to Abilene, though herds were occasionally turned eastward into Missouri for loading at Sedalia and delivery at St. Louis. In 1873 a railhead of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas reached Denison, Texas, on the Red River, which was sometimes a point of delivery.

A herd boss was in charge of the whole operation. Most herd bosses (called trail bosses later) worked for wages as employees of ranchmen sending cattle to market. Captain King used a different plan. Instead of hiring bosses for wages, he made them contractors and profit-sharing partners. A picture of this business mechanism is revealed by one set of documents showing exactly how one herd was moved from the Santa Gertrudis to the northern market.

In January of 1875, a King foreman, Captain John Fitch, agreed to boss one of the drives when spring came. Fitch was both a good man and a good stockman—his captain's title came from his service in the Confederate campaign on the Rio Grande.

During February and early March Fitch was busy with 14 cow hands gathering stock from King's range. When the drive was brought together, branded and tallied for the road, there were counted 4,737 head of beef cattle ready to move. They were divided into four herds which were to travel as separate units, each with a foreman, the necessary hands, a cook, a wagon and a *remuda* [a band of working horses].

On March 12 a contract was drawn up and signed by King, Fitch and A. C. Allen, who had been invited into the partnership by Fitch. King agreed to furnish the 4,737 head of cattle for which Fitch and Allen agreed to pay King \$12 a head; the profit, "if any," to be made from driving these cattle to market was to be divided, after the payment of all expenses, one half to King and the other half to Fitch and Allen.

Fitch hired the hands and appointed four herd foremen at salaries of \$108 a month. Under the four foremen, a total of 43 men were entered on the payrolls before the drive was accomplished.

The day after the contract was signed the drive began moving out from Santa Gertrudis in four separated herds. The next day, March 14, at Vaughn's Crossing on the Nueces, one of the herds lost 27 head of cattle when they stampeded before crossing the river. In all subsequent accounting of the drive, the total was placed at 4,710 instead of 4,737 head; the stampeded animals were not written off as losses but simply as returns to King's range where they made their ways after breaking from the herd.

After this flurry, the cattle settled gradually to the routine of being driven 10 or 12 miles a day and being held together as herd on the bed grounds each night. Scouting out ahead, John Fitch advised on routes and watering places and was in frequent touch with his four foremen.

On the way to Fort Worth, Fitch had trouble with his partner Allen over an unauthorized deal Allen had tried to make in some horse stock belonging to Captain King. Three weeks later Allen had been replaced by James H. Stevens, Captain King's livestock market adviser and agent, who by correspondence with Fitch had purchased Allen's interest.

At the end of June Fitch was still at Gainesville, about 70 miles north of Fort Worth, and holding the cattle in pasture nearby. Stevens was angling for a buyer at the Denison railhead and considering the advantages of selling the cattle there. The cattle were sold at Denison on July 21 at an average of \$18.44 a head, to livestock brokers from Leavenworth, Kansas. Richard King himself came up to put the clincher on the deal.

It was more than a month before the cattle were finally turned over to the buyers; the drafts were being paid by September 15. The final balance for the whole venture was made in the office at the Santa Gertrudis headquarters on November 27. Accounts were turned in for the settlements which had



ORIGINAL RANCH HOUSE of the Kings was built in the 1850s on a site suggested by Robert E. Lee, who visited them as an Army lieutenant colonel.

been made with each employee, with due attention to such minutiae as "Henry Wooten—leggings \$6.00, pills 25 cents, whiskey and quinine \$1.00." The wages paid all hands amounted to \$7,316.78. All other expenses came to \$3,574.52, so that the total cost of the drive was \$10,891.30. A final recapitulation showed a net profit of \$16,099.18 which was distributed in three equal shares of \$5,366.39 each to King, Fitch and Stevens.

King's own proceeds from the sale of his beef cattle were \$56,520 plus \$5,366.40 or \$61,886.40—minus the cost of breeding and raising the stock, which could hardly

have exceeded \$2 a head. Captain King clearly made \$50,000 net profit from the drive.

This venture, which he repeated scores of times—with as many variations—has been presented here to show the business required to move a herd of cattle from Texas to the northern market. The romance, the adventure, the excitements of the long trail drives have been the subjects of a literature. But they have obscured the business basis for the trade which in the 30 years following the Civil War sent a total of 9,800,000 cattle, 1,000,000 horses and 35,000 men up the trail from Texas.

The cattle King of Texas

BY 1870 the tip of Richard King's black beard touched the second button of his shirt. He wore a wide-brimmed black hat strongly reminiscent of Rebel cavalry, a black string tie with the knot hidden under this beard and the ends of the rusty silk usually askew. Arcing across his vest front hung a heavy gold chain which disappeared into a pocket where he carried a watch the size of a big thick biscuit. His muscular and square-built body, height 5 feet 11, weight 180, was usually clothed in dark broadcloth coat and wrinkled pants that did not match.

He walked with a slight limp; his vaqueros sometimes called him *El Cojo*, the Lame One. There are two stories about the origin of this lameness. One says that his leg was broken by being caught in a moving anchor chain during his steamboat days. The other and less likely tale says the limp was the result of a bullet wound suffered during an ambush on the road to Brownsville.

There was another noticeable mark upon him. His left nostril was somewhat misshapen. This was a scar from an encounter with a parrot which he had once brought home to Mrs. King. The bird had bitten the captain on the nose.

Captain King liked to participate in a good solid fist fight and he looked for one once in a while—always at a safe distance from his wife and usually while he was partaking of "Rose Bud Whiskey," an item entered regularly on the captain's personal account in the ranch's books.

On his trips from the ranch to Brownsville or Corpus Christi, King went armed and took armed men with him, ordinarily a driver and four or five vaqueros. In an age of gunmen and fancy gunplay, it is interesting to note that the owner of the Santa Gertrudis carried no flashing six-shooter but a shotgun loaded with buckshot. When he needed to shoot, he wanted results. At times he found it necessary to transport large amounts of currency, as much as \$50,000 for payrolls and for buying land. To hide the money, he had a steel box built inside his road coach. The existence of this box was known only to Henrietta King and to Reuben Holbein, the ranch office manager. The box was never robbed nor, in spite of several attempts, was King ever successfully ambushed.

One such attempt he described himself, in testimony before a U.S. commission which came to Texas in the time of President Grant. In the witness chair on Aug. 26, 1872, King spoke as follows:

"On 31 July 1872, I left Corpus Christi, in company with George Evans, my driver, and Franz Specht for the purpose of appearing before this commission. At a point



THE YOUNG COUPLE, Henrietta Chamberlain and Richard King, met on the Rio Grande when her father's houseboat got in the way of King's freight boat at a dock. She was the daughter of a clergyman and soon King was attending her father's prayer meetings. He was 30, she 22 when they married.

CONTINUED

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CARLING BREWING COMPANY, Cleveland, O., Belleville, Ill., Frankenmuth, Mich., Natick, Mass.

KING RANCH CONTINUED

six miles east of my ranch, at a place called San Fernando Creek, at about 8 o'clock in the evening, 25 or 30 shots were fired into the coach in which I was riding, killing Franz Specht. It was quite dark, and we saw no one. I do not know who my assassins were, but to the best of my knowledge and belief, they were a party of Mexicans, eight or 10 in number. I have been obliged for a number of years to keep quite a number of men, for my protection, at my expense, around my ranch; and in traveling I am obliged to have an escort of those men. Citizens of this frontier are obliged to travel armed always in self defense."

As the years went by and the sons and daughters grew up, the King family seldom found itself gathered under one roof. Mrs. King was often away on extended visits to her married daughters and grandchildren. The affectionate Alice, after her graduation from school, became her father's companion at the ranch and the hostess of Santa Gertrudis when Mrs. King was away.

Every letter the captain wrote to his wife during her travels to be with her children contained an admonition: "See that none of papa's pets wants for anything money will buy." Sometimes he phrased it, "Life is short and why be so mean as not enjoy yourselves now."

When the captain traveled himself, he was never "mean" about enjoying himself. He spent freely and handed out big tips. Sometimes, when the cattle King of Texas had been using a bottle or two of Rose Bud to damp down the dust of the road, his deportment dismayed his wife and startled the spectators.

The Kings traveled often to San Antonio where they stayed always in the famous old Menger Hotel. One time the captain got there a little before his family did and made his way for a brief refreshment at the Menger bar. When he came upstairs, Mrs. King was settling the family in their rooms facing the ornate balcony which looked down upon the marble-floored lobby. She had ordered water for the pitcher on the washstand in her room. The water wasn't brought. Tired of waiting, Captain King picked up the pitcher, walked out upon the balcony and dropped the big piece of crockery over the side. Leaning over the balustrade the captain called out: "If we can't get any water up here, we don't need a pitcher." There were pitchers full of water in the captain's rooms, quickly.

When the captain made a trip to Brownsville, news of his arrival would spread all over town, bringing drunks, tramps and borrowers to gather hopefully at the saloon of Celestin Jagou. The captain was invariably good for a drink or two for everybody, and usually for a touch. He kept money loose in his side coat pocket, and would, depending upon how he felt, dispense ones, fives, tens, maybe a twenty upon the hearing of a sufficient woe. At night he would carefully count the cash left in his pocket and make a memorandum, which he kept, of every appreciable handout. He would leave town in the dark, without anyone knowing when or by what road. Next day the barflies would be at Jagou's, but not the captain.

How the land was acquired

RICHARD KING ultimately acquired title to more than 600,000 acres of pasture for his livestock. No part of the story of his accomplishment is fogged with more legend and lie than that which relates to the acquisition of land. There are fables in great variety about how King got his land by going out and grabbing it, a robber baron above the law.

The truth, as usual, is less picturesque. Every land acquisition King ever made was done through lawyers. They transacted the business. They advised King when he had rights to possession. King bought every

piece of land he came to own. He sometimes bought one piece again and again to satisfy multiple claimants.

The trouble came and the fables originated from the fact that King with his superior bankroll adamantly pursued an ambition to piece together a great and cohesive property on lands that were a giant jigsaw puzzle of Spanish-Mexican land grants. Few pieces of the puzzle had been accurately surveyed. Fewer yet were owned by undivided interests. The grants dated from 1770 to 1835 and Latin families were large. Their increase, pyramided for three or four generations, created amazing numbers of descendants. Each undivided interest owned by an individual heir was called a *derecho*, literally a "right." To buy title to a land grant was to buy up all the *derechos* from the scattered heirs.

From the 1870s on, King had a standing order with his lawyers, Stephen Powers and James B. Wells, to buy *derechos* in certain land grants and to buy other desirably located small tracts patented under certificates issued by the Republic or the State of Texas. In his lifetime he, by purchase, acquired title to all or to parts of the pastures contained within 15 of the old land grants south of the Nueces River, and to smaller parcels. In 1885, the year King died, the total area of his ranching property was 614,140 acres, "more or less."

In 1881 Richard King and Misslin Kennedy had a lawyer in Corpus Christi bring suit for them to end a nuisance of trespass by a certain road across their lands. The counsel of the opposition happened to be a new arrival in town, trying his first case in Nueces County.

His name was Robert Justus Kleberg. He handled his case so skillfully that when the verdict was rendered the astonished Captains King and Kennedy found themselves soundly trounced. That evening the tired young lawyer went to bed early, his happiness with victory shaded with irritation at the conduct of King who had pointedly avoided recognizing or speaking to Kleberg, in spite of the fact that they had met before.

Before Kleberg dropped off to sleep, he heard a knock. He got up, lit a lamp and went to the door. It swung open to reveal the impressive figure of Captain Richard King. Standing uncomfortably self-conscious in his nightshirt, the young lawyer said, "Come in, Captain King." He came in and closed the door.

"Kleberg," the Captain said, "I'm looking for a good lawyer. How would a retainer of \$5,000 a year suit you?"

Robert Kleberg gulped. "Why—when would it start, sir?"

"Right now," the Captain said. "We will drive out to Santa Gertrudis."

The captain drove the trotting team along the dim road on the black prairie under the late stars. "The joke was on me," the Captain said, laughing in his beard and slapping the reins. He explained his coolness during the trial. He said he had been so sure of winning that he did not want to appear friendly: after the trial people might think Kleberg had lost by collusion. So King had been gruff. The two men talked in the darkness, in the smell of the dust churning up from the invisible trotting hooves. A little before day they came up the slope of the rise on the prairie, to the dim shape of the two-story ranch house in the trees.

The Captain went in and awakened his daughter, to ask her to make coffee for a visitor. Nineteen-year-old Alice, home from Mrs. Cuthbert's school in St. Louis, got up and went out to the brick kitchen. She made coffee and took it with a plate of sugar cakes to the table in the dining room, and left hurriedly so the visitor might not see her. Before she went back to her own room, she peered through the crack of the dining room door. Alice thought the young man who sat talking to her father was very handsome. She met him later in the morning and that meeting, in years to come, would shape the history of Richard King's mammoth rancho.



THE MENDER HOTEL was where Kings stayed on visits to San Antonio. Ornate lobby (above) is almost unchanged today.

**NEXT WEEK, KING RANCH II: FIGHTING OFF RAIDERS,
USING SCIENCE TO EXPAND THE GREAT CATTLE DOMAIN**



Want a color snapshot like this of your favorite admirals?

New indoor-outdoor Kodacolor Film gives the most glorious color snapshots ever. And they're as easy to take as black-and-whites!

You can take color snapshots just as warm and appealing as this—this very weekend!

With new Kodacolor Film, you get prints that are vibrant with color—color so brilliant, so lifelike, you'll find it hard to believe that your camera captured it.

You use this *new* kind of Kodacolor in any popular size snapshot camera. And you use the same roll of film with sunlight or flash. Now one type of color film gives you truly beautiful pictures—whether you use it indoors or out.

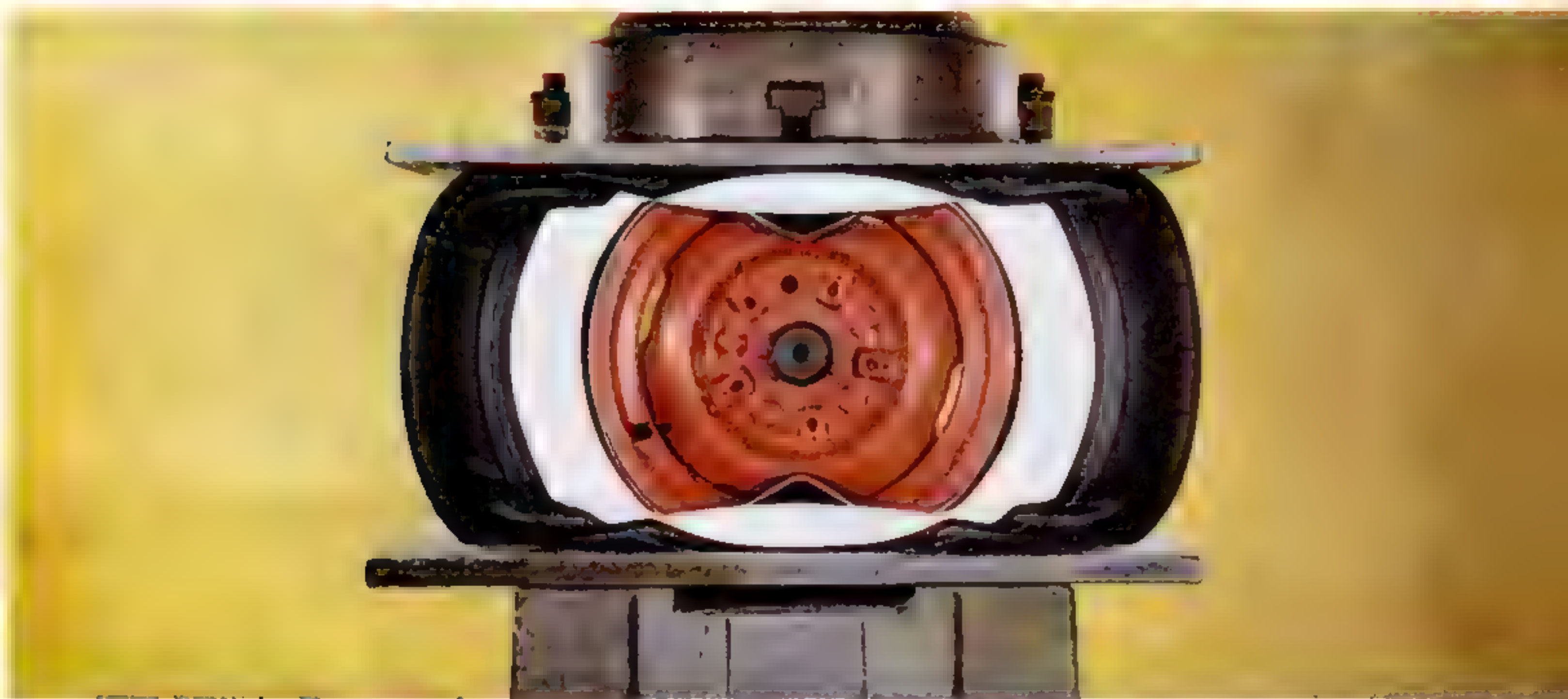
A little admiral grows so big, so fast—you really should try marvelous new Kodacolor Film *soon*. Why not get a roll or two at your Kodak dealer's for this weekend?



EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY...Rochester 4, N. Y.

They've taken more punishment

GOODYEAR'S NEW 3-T



STRONGER ON THE INSIDE!

More than 32,000 crushing pounds of pressure bear down relentlessly on this Goodyear 3-T Nylon tire. The steel wheel buckles—yet not one

single 3-T Nylon Cord is broken. The miracle strength of Goodyear's famed 3-T Nylon Cord means longer, safer tire life—and greater protection against blowouts. That's a safety advantage you need!



SAFER ON THE OUTSIDE!

We slicked a section of road with oil—then had two cars hit this slippery stretch at 50 miles an hour. The grey car, riding on ordinary-type

tires, slipped and fish-tailed dangerously. The red car, on Goodyear nylon tires with the new Twin-Grip tread, came to a safe stop 38 feet quicker! That's Goodyear's famous extra margin of safety!

ent than you'll ever give 'em NYLON CORD TIRES!

There's a *big* difference in nylon cord. 3-T Nylon Cord is different because it's triple-tempered by an exclusive Goodyear process. Better because triple-tempering makes it triple-tough!

YOUR tires have to take punishment—a lot of it! That's why they should be made with the best cord—nylon, pound for pound stronger than steel!

But, unless properly pre-conditioned, nylon stretches under tension. To control the stretch of nylon, Goodyear developed an exclusive process involving precisely controlled Tension, Temperature and Time. The result: a nylon cord that is fully controlled at its point of maximum strength and resiliency.

Triple-tempered, triple-tough 3-T Nylon Cord withstands flexing better than any other tire fabric. This "high-flex" strength makes it more durable and blowout resistant—even after long, punishing service.

This exclusive 3-T Nylon Cord tire, with its two fully independent treads, is your safest bet against all kinds of road hazards. And now—thanks to an ever-increasing demand—you can buy it at the lowest price ever—and get a liberal allowance for your present tires.

What's more, with Goodyear tires you get a Lifetime Guarantee. See your Goodyear dealer for details—this week for sure. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.



Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire value . . . better tire care . . . convenient credit terms. And ask your dealer about Goodyear's Lifetime Guarantee.

**MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON
GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!**

**NEW 3-T NYLON
CUSTOM SUPER-CUSHION**

GOODYEAR

Watch "The Goodyear Playhouse" on TV Sunday 9-10 P.M., E.D.T.

Super-Cushion T.M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

NEW! NORCROSS TRI-ANGLE CARDS

(Greetings with a new slant)

Just out, this month . . . Norcross TRI-angles!
Truly *different* . . . and exclusive with Norcross.
Be the first to send these unique, colorful,
sparkling greeting cards! They express an
original message in such an unusual way.

Sweet and sentimental, or saucy and full of fun,
you'll find a TRI-angle to say the things
you want to say. The four shown here are typical
of dozens that say, "Happy Birthday,"
"Happy Anniversary," "Congratulations" or "Get Well."

*Feeling
Better?*



25CN200

*A
New
Little One!*



20BC500

*Sure
do
miss
you!*



25FR240

OOOPS!



25BN64



**NORCROSS
GREETING CARDS**

Say the things you want to say

Look for Norcross TRI-angles in their
special display at your Norcross dealer.
Buy some for now, some for later on!
Actual height, 7 inches.

© NORCROSS, INC.



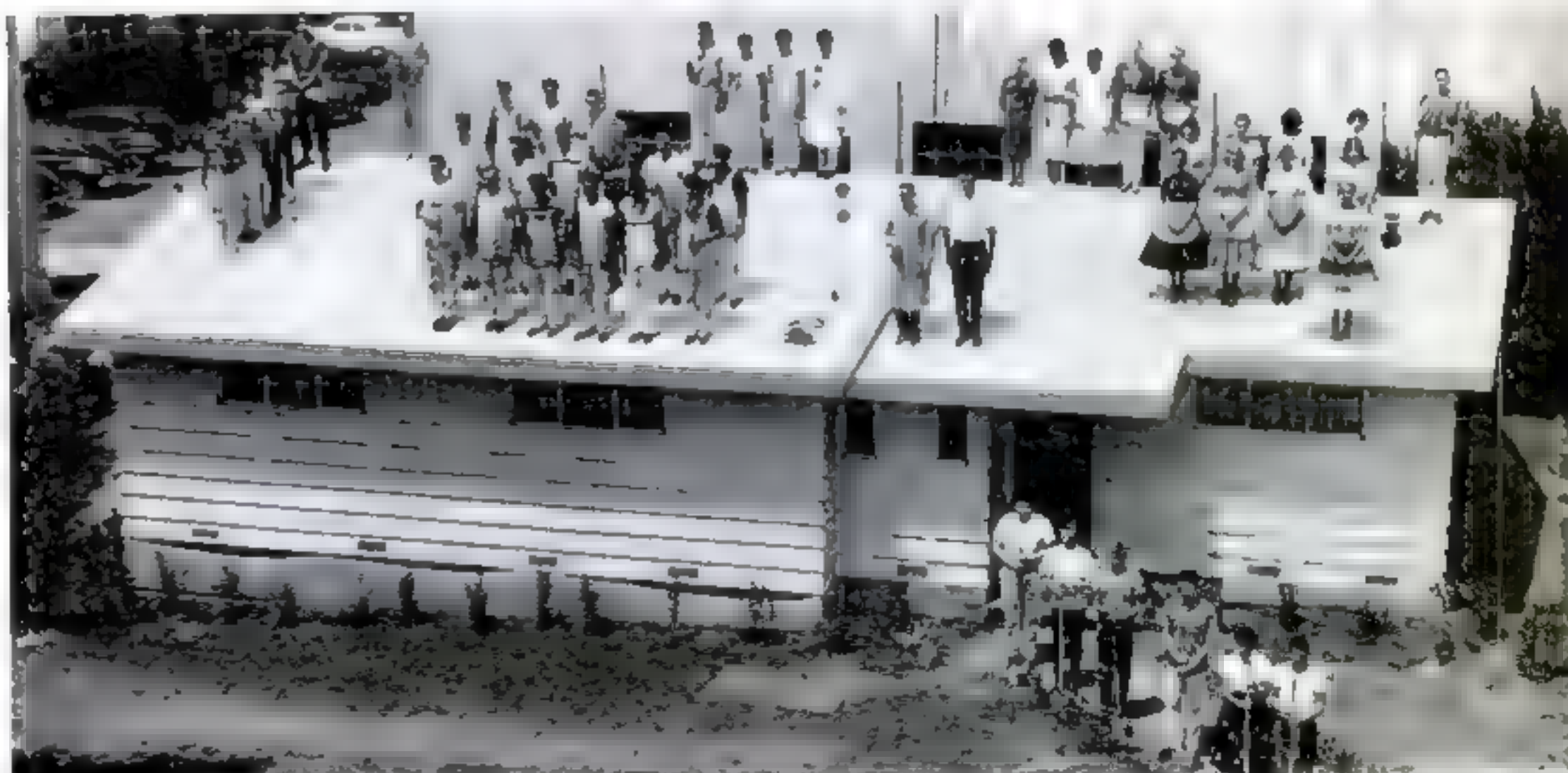
LEANING OUT WINDOWS THEY INSTALLED, STUDENT CARPENTERS GIVE CONSTRUCTION A ROUGH TEST. STUDENTS WORKED HALF OF EACH SCHOOL DAY ON HOUSE

THE HOUSE A SCHOOL BUILT

Pupils' practice project is auctioned at a profit

This month on the grounds of the Whittier, Calif. High School the vocational students proudly and a little frantically finished their year's primary project: a two-bedroom ranch house. Last week it was sold at auction and the buyer prepared to truck it away to his lot. Next year on the same site a new crew of students will begin all over again on a new house.

This procedure, which has been going on at Whittier for five years, is increasingly common in U.S. vocational schools. To avoid the classroom project, built up only to be torn down, vocational schools are having students build permanent structures. The local carpenters' union considers the training so practical it gives good students up to a year's credit on the required four years' apprenticeship period. The house cost the school nothing. This year's brought more than the \$6,700 it cost. The money will buy material for next year's house.



CONSTRUCTION CREW stands upon and beside their house. Left to right are: architectural drawing students, photographer, carpenters, painters, two

instructors, scouts who find available sites to which house could be moved, homemaking class, electrician (far right) and (on ground) horticulturalists.

contentment
costs less
in a
brick home



Those who know choose brick... and always have!
Brick means more leisure with lifelong freedom
from upkeep bills, because brick has permanent
beauty in rich, mellow colors and textures.



THE OAKMONT—3 bedroom Brick Quality Home, 1120 sq. ft.,
coordinated living area with center fireplace, built-in brick oven,
floor-to-ceiling windows, enclosed patio. Architect George Mason
Clark, A I A Complete, detailed building plans \$1.00

LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM—Displayed by brick
dealers who are cooperating in a nationwide program
to give you better homes at lower cost.

STRUCTURAL CLAY PRODUCTS INSTITUTE
Dept. L, 1520 18th St., N.W., Washington 6, D.C.



A SCHOOL'S HOUSE CONTINUED



DESIGNING THE HOUSE, architectural drawing students discuss their floor layout ideas with their instructor Victor Lopez (right), who drew up final plan.



SAWING A DOOR for the kitchen, student carpenters Alfonso Rodriguez (left), 17, and Fernando Garcia (right), 17, trim a stock size down to fit.



DECORATING LIVING ROOM, student painters do the beamed ceiling while two girls from homemaking class plan where to put furniture in living room.



From Research comes the TRUTH About Speed of Pain Relief—Without Stomach Upset

Medical Science reports important new findings
on BAYER versus an aspirin with a 'buffer' added... based on major
studies to determine speed of pain relief without stomach upset.
Yes, this research further verifies that BAYER Aspirin is still the
safest, gentlest, fastest-acting pain reliever you can get!

TRUTH *based on 3 years' research*

In 1954, as part of a continuing research project to bring greater certainty and absolute truth to the field of pain relief, Bayer sought the aid of one of America's foremost analgesic authorities, whose work is centered in several of New York's largest clinics.

This specialist began a carefully controlled series of clinical tests—tests on people in actual pain—to compare the action of Bayer Aspirin versus aspirin with a "buffer" added.

Thousands of tests were made on patients actually suffering pain... the findings were checked, analyzed and corroborated beyond any question or doubt. Throughout three intensive years, the results were always the same... bringing to light new and

additional verification that Bayer is the safest, gentlest, fastest-acting pain reliever you can buy.

TRUTH *—confirmed...*

BAYER called for further tests, further evidence. This new research was conducted by members of the staff of one of the East's prominent Medical Schools.

Again and again, the two pain relievers... Bayer and aspirin with a "buffer" added... were tested clinically to determine speed of pain relief without stomach upset... tested on people actually suffering from many types and degrees of acute pain suffered daily by millions.

Again, the results were the same... further confirming that ever-dependable Bayer Aspirin is still the safest, fastest, gentlest pain reliever you can get!

TRUTH *—confirmed again!*

To climax its relentless search for the truth about pain relief, Bayer requested an eminent professor of a renowned Mid-Western Medical School to undertake a new and completely independent study of people in actual pain. The two pain relievers were again compared under true pain conditions. The findings of this third and exhaustive study were overwhelming and indisputable!

Hundreds of pain-ridden patients in the three independent studies verified over and over again that Bayer is still the safest, most reliable antidote for pain in medical history. You can trust your body to Bayer to feel better fast.

THIS RESEARCH is based on the one final and absolute method for testing the value of pain relievers — by studying people suffering from real pain.

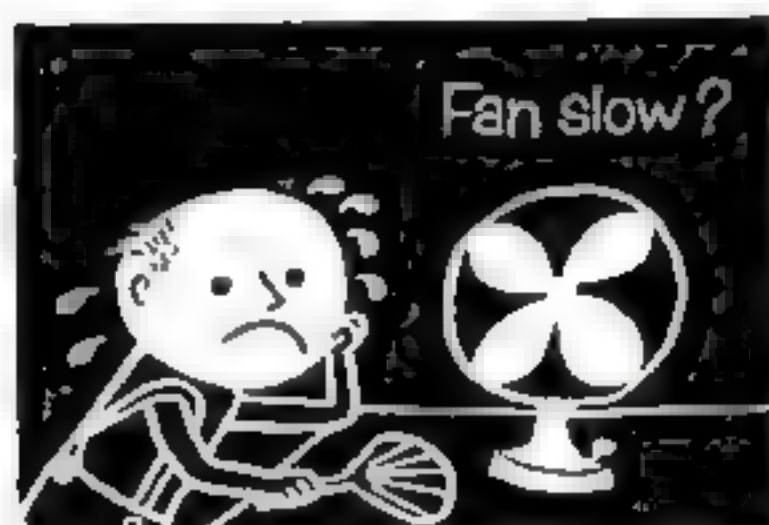


FROM RESEARCH COMES TRUTH...

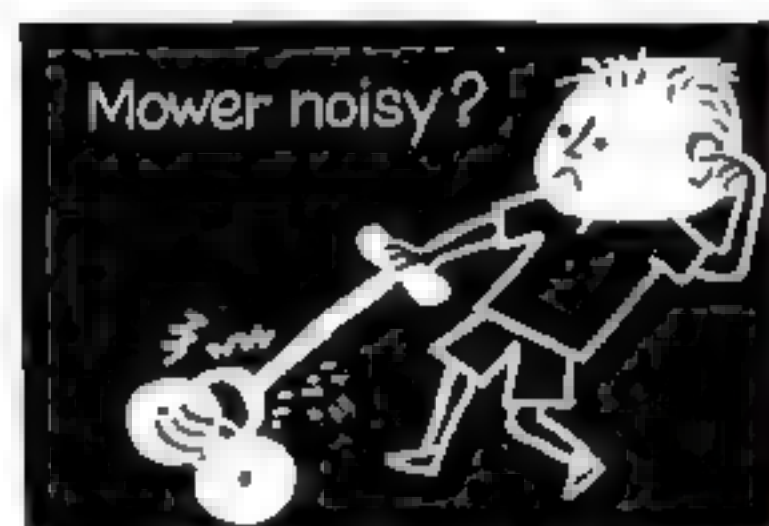
The safest, fastest-acting pain reliever you can get...

BAYER
ASPIRIN

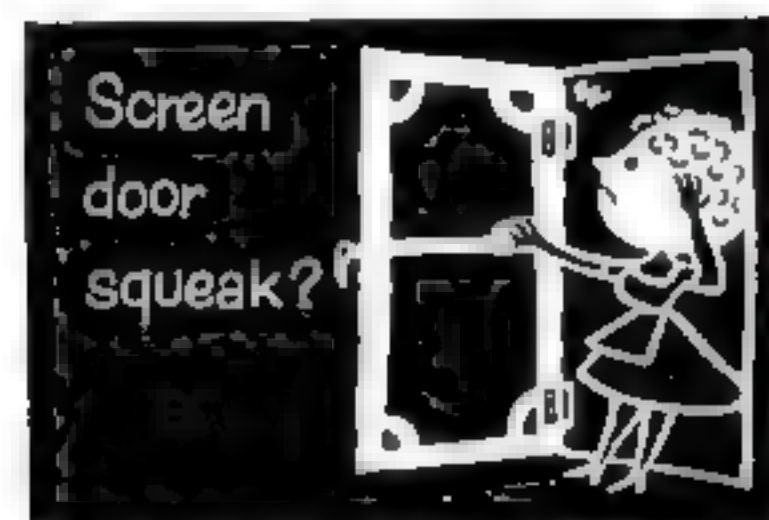
FIX-IT TIPS with "3-in-One" oil



Speed it up and quiet it down with clean-running "3-in-ONE" oil. Works into hard-to-get-at places. Doesn't gum up.



Power and hand mowers run quietly when oiled regularly with "3-in-ONE." Penetrates, lubricates, prevents rust.



Silence hinges, springs, and catches with "3-in-ONE" oil. Its lubrication lasts through all kinds of weather.



Set it spinning like new with "3-in-ONE" oil. Never gums up. Perfect for lubricating even delicate machinery. Stops rust.



Keep things moving with
"3-IN-ONE"
OIL

A SCHOOL'S HOUSE CONTINUED



PLEATING CURTAINS for the house, using plastic tape, Karen Cocks (left), 16, holds finished curtain while Carol Pike, 16, checks how the folds hang.



PICKING FURNITURE to be borrowed for display of house, Richard Krogh, 17, tries contour chair while Mona Hawse (right), 18, makes notes on choices.



PLANTING PATH to the front door with a border of shrubs, the horticulture class landscapes the house to make it more attractive to prospective buyers.

QUESTION FROM SUMMER TOURISTS:

Because I'm planning a long trip in my car this summer, your slogan "Hometown service—anywhere" interests me. How would I go about getting Hartford help if I should need it?



ANSWER: Hartford service is as accessible as the nearest phone. Simply look at your Policyholder's Service Card for the nearest of 200 Hartford Claim Offices. The operator will connect you, day or night. In addition there are 33,000 Hartford Fire Insurance Company Group Agents throughout the country ready to give you "Hometown service—anywhere."

Year In and Year Out You'll Do Well with the

Hartford

Hartford Fire Insurance Company Group
Hartford Fire Insurance Company
Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company
Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company
Citizens Insurance Company of New Jersey
Hartford 15, Connecticut
New York Underwriters Insurance Company
New York 18, New York
Northwestern Fire and Marine
Insurance Company
Twin City Fire Insurance Company
Minneapolis 2, Minnesota



VALCREAM

*isn't seen
or felt!*

NEW—This hair cream for men not only keeps hair neat 'n' natural

VALCREAM grooms without showing

Changes form on application . . . greaseless . . . enriches hair's natural oils. New Valcream keeps your hair at its very best all day, and yet isn't seen or felt! This new grooming discovery changes form on application, never leaves a white film. Valcream actually enriches hair's natural oils. It's not greasy, or oily, or drying—contains no alcohol. Get new Valcream!

For "NO-SHOW" grooming . . .



Now you see it!
Massage Valcream on
hair and scalp



Now you don't!
Valcream grooms
without showing!



Another fine product of Chesebrough-Pond's, Inc.

39¢ AND 59¢ PLUS TAX

Kellogg's Variety Pack is kind of a monument to a dissatisfied man.


If he'd heeded the advice of others, he would never have taken the risk of starting his company in the first place. And once launched, he probably would have stopped with the success of Corn Flakes.

But W. K. Kellogg had a deep conviction that today's achievements were but a foundation for tomorrow's goals. Take the Variety Pack on the opposite page as a case in point. It's a perfect sample of the restless spirit of the man who was always striving to bring something new, something better, to the breakfast tables of America.

Variety Pack first appeared in 1938, and today its assortment represents 50 years of progress in cereals. The good things you'll find in it range from Corn Flakes, which first made their bow in 1906, to America's most modern cereal, Special K (1956). And of course the assortment includes such long-time favorites as Rice Krispies, as well as the new ready-sweetened favorites of the youngsters.

It's just one example of the way W. K. Kellogg fulfilled his great purpose in life. Namely, to bring people the life-giving properties of the grains in their most appetizing—and convenient—forms.

Kellogg
OF BATTLE CREEK



They all look
at things differently



“Choose-it-yourself” breakfasts, as only Kellogg’s makes them, please a variety of different tastes. You set out the assortment America likes best. Everyone takes his choice from all kinds of Kellogg’s favorites, all fresh and crisp. Can you think of an easier, happier way to serve up 10 healthy servings of good grain nourishment for your family?

Kellogg’s **VARIETY PACK**

America's first truly effective
deodorant soap is now even better!

**NEW GOLDEN
DIAL SOAP
STOPS ODOR
BETTER
THAN EVER!**
(milder, too!)



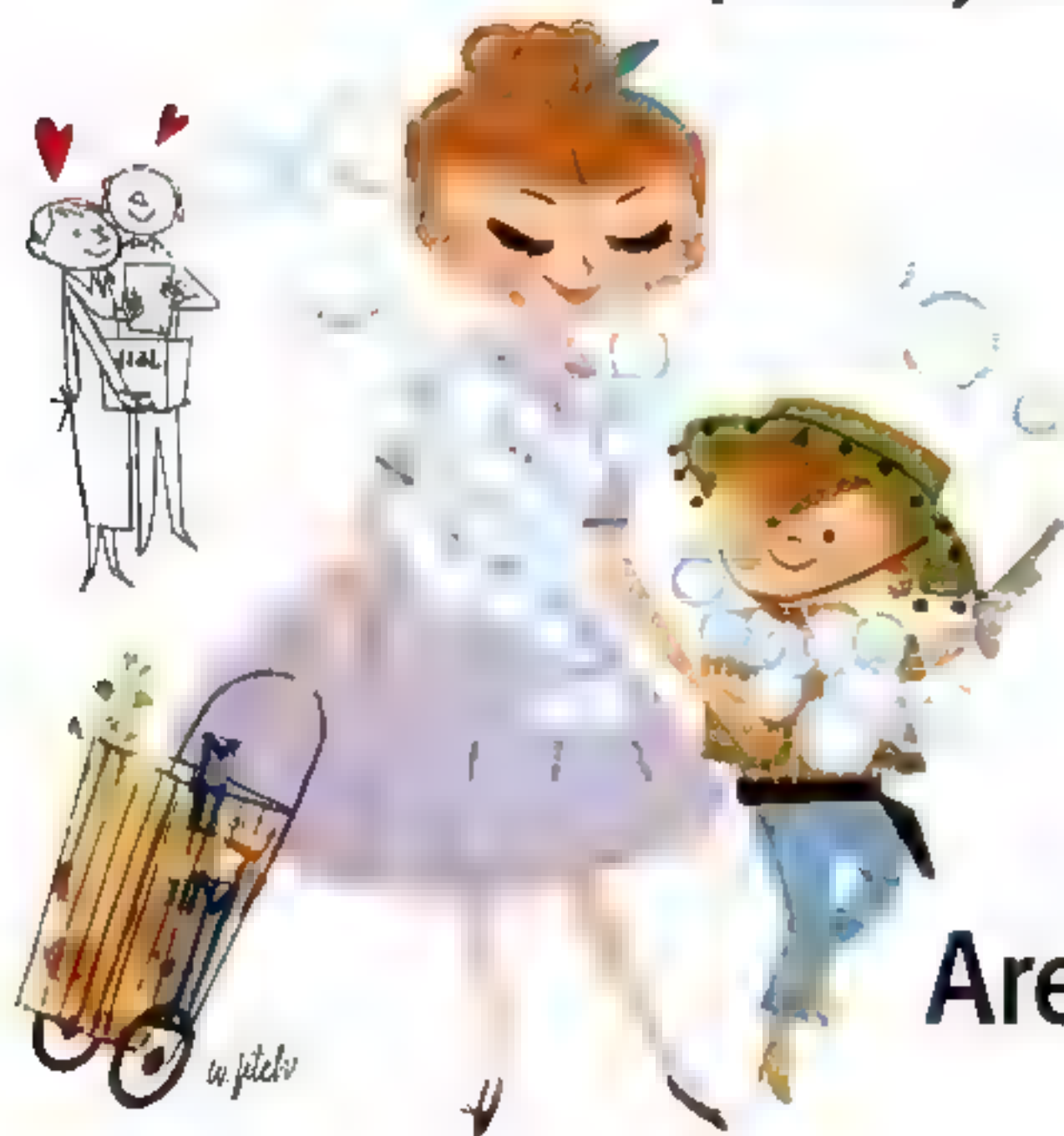
No ordinary soap with
“something added” protects you
like new Golden Dial!

One look tells you something wonderful has happened to Dial Soap. One bath tells you much more: New Golden Dial stops odor better—better than any other soap you've ever used!

For Golden Dial is *not* just another soap with some ingredient added. Dial was *born* to be a deodorant soap! Its Super AT-7 was developed especially for Dial. It's more effective than Dial's original AT-7 . . . twice as effective as any deodorant ingredient in any other deodorant soap!

So, in one bath, new Golden Dial stops odor better than ever! Removes odor-causing bacteria better than if you scrubbed with any *two* ordinary soaps. And Golden Dial keeps fighting odor for days!

You get all this with new cosmetic mildness . . . smart new wrapper . . . new golden bar. Obviously, such a fine soap costs more to make—costs more to buy than ordinary soap. But it's worth every cent of it!



Aren't you glad you use Dial Soap?
(don't you wish everybody did!)

Violent Sweep of Warfare in Spain



THE PLAYERS ARE GRANT, LOREN AND SINATRA



IN FILM'S BLAZING CLIMAX THE GUN IS PUSHED UP FOR SECOND SHOT AT AVILA'S WALLS AS BRITISH CAPTAIN, WITH TORCH, STUDIES EFFECT OF FIRST

MOVIE ABOUT GUERRILLAS AND A MONSTER GUN HAS SCENES FULL OF PICTORIAL EXCITEMENT

More and more, as moviemakers leave studios seeking dramatic scenery and sheer space for the movement and pageantry of spectacular pictures, serious artists are invited along to watch and record. In *The Pride and the Passion* Producer-Director Stanley Kramer tells a tale of Spain suffering under Napoleon's occupation. With his company on location in Spain were Painter David Fredenthal, whose sketches of the movie were published in *LIFE*'s Feb. 4 issue and Ernst Haas, the famous photographer of New York (*LIFE*, Sept. 14 and 21, 1953) and Venice (*LIFE*, June 25, 1956). On these pages *LIFE* prints Haas's exciting pictures of the movie's story.

The hero of the movie, which is based on a C.S. Forester novel, is a mighty monster of a cannon. Abandoned by the regular Spanish army, it is found by a trio of irregulars—Miguel (Frank Sinatra), Juana (Sophia Loren), British Naval Captain Anthony Trumbell (Cary Grant) and hauled across Spain to assault the Napoleonic forces at Avila. Step by step Haas and his camera follow the trip of the unwieldy weapon as by stealth and by force it is moved through raging river currents, up mountain passes and through cathedral towns. Coming away from Spain, Haas brought a set of pictures tense with the nervous violence and impact of real war.

Photographed for *LIFE* by ERNST HAAS

ILLUSTRATION

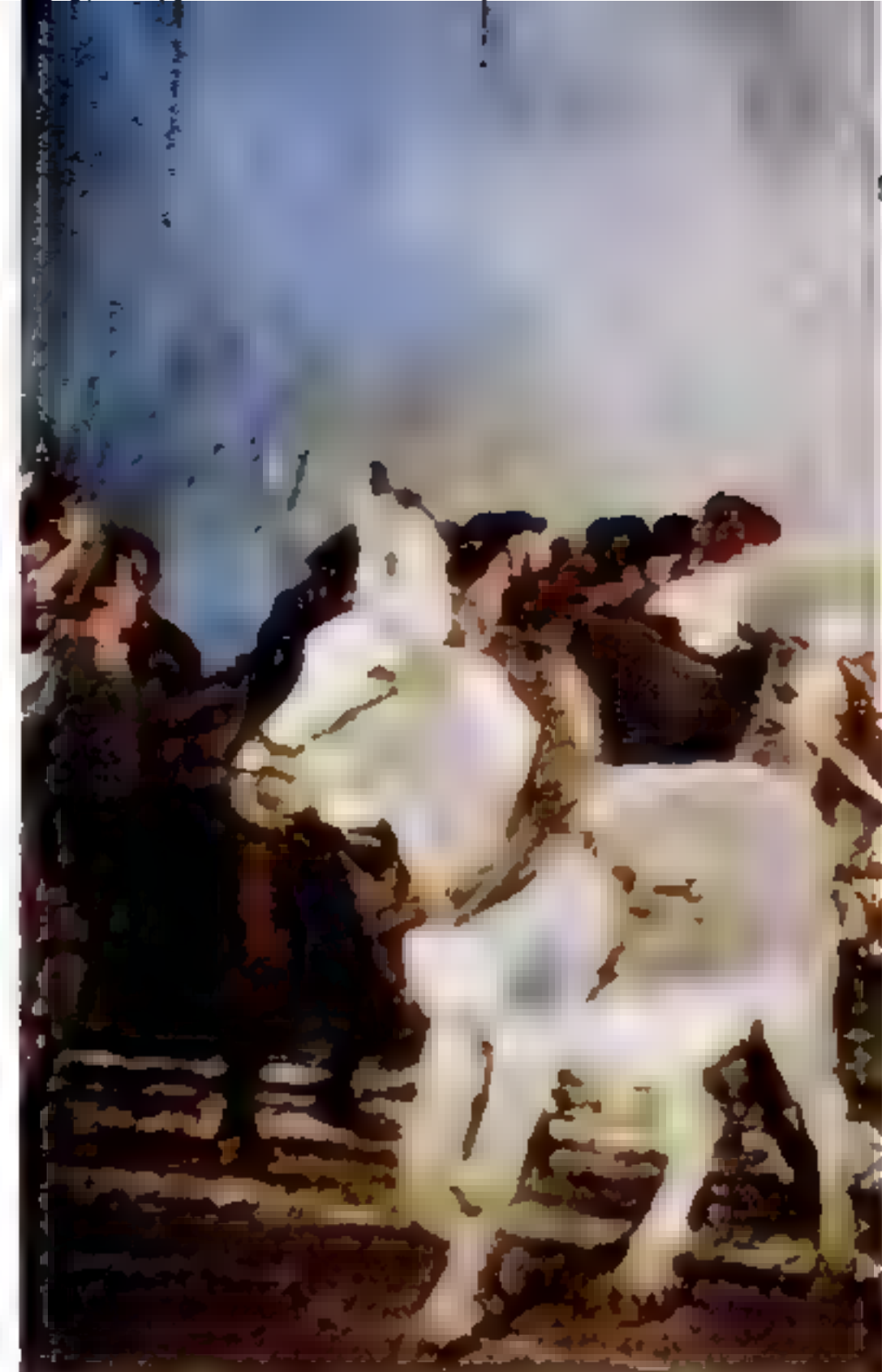
SWEEP OF WAR CONTINUED

TROUBLES AND TRICKERY



PRESSING ONWARD with big gun, the Spaniards (*above*) pull it on while Miguel lashes mules.

CLEARING WAY (*below*), the Spaniards make a night attack on a French roadblock and destroy it.

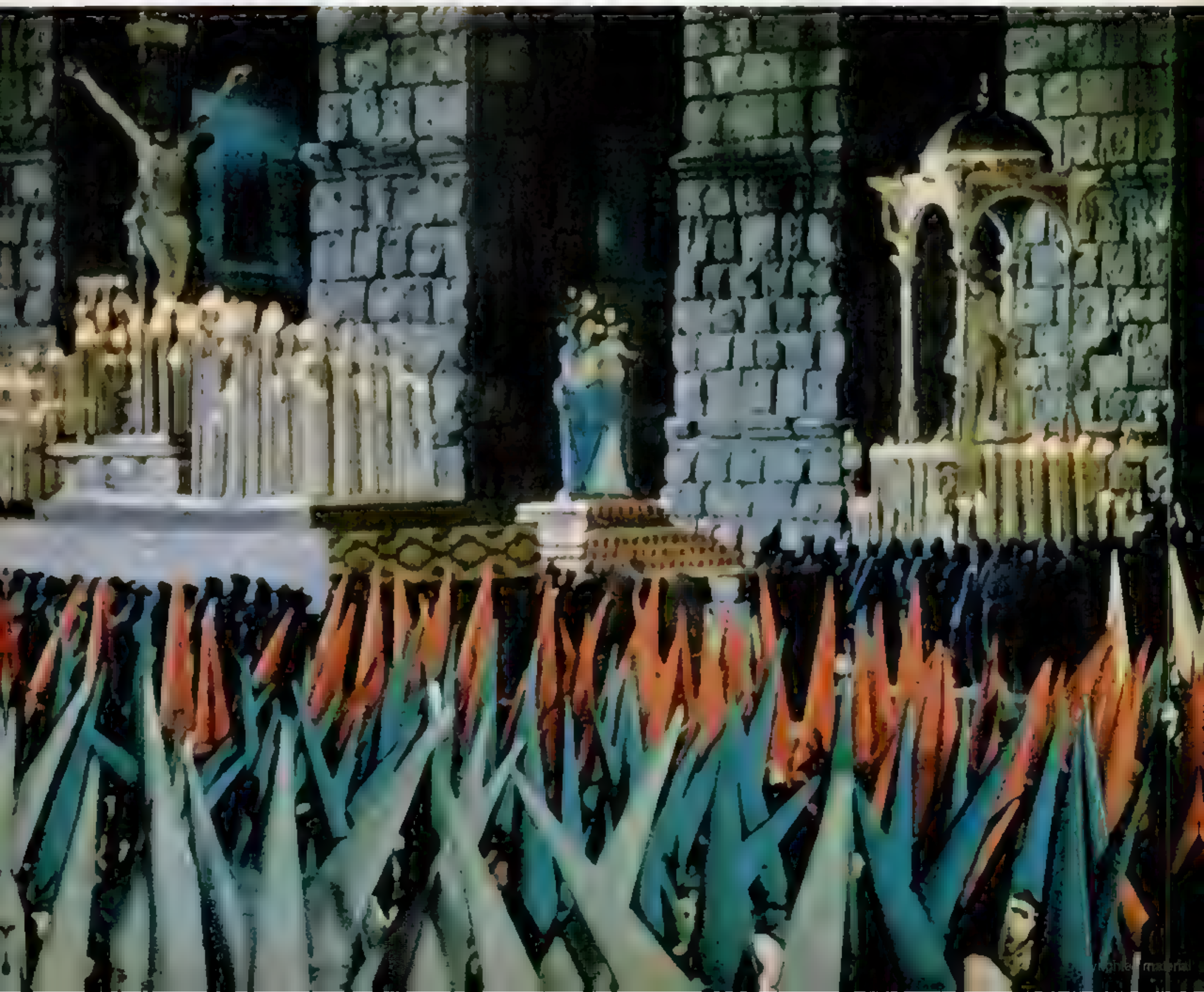




PEACEFUL MOMENT comes as Jean, having bathed away war stains in river, dries in the sun

LOOTED FOOD (left) is hauled into guerrillas' war-hull camp, stirring up scenes of excitement

HIDDEN GUN under the sacred flats is a sort of through a French left city by road, pointers





TRAP FOR FRENCH, out to capture the gun, comes across a pontoon bridge. As guerrilla mine

goes off, the French unit recoils while its officers are struggling with their excited and rearing horses.



BRIDGE GOES UP in black smoke and debris, which hides the troops who crouch and capture the





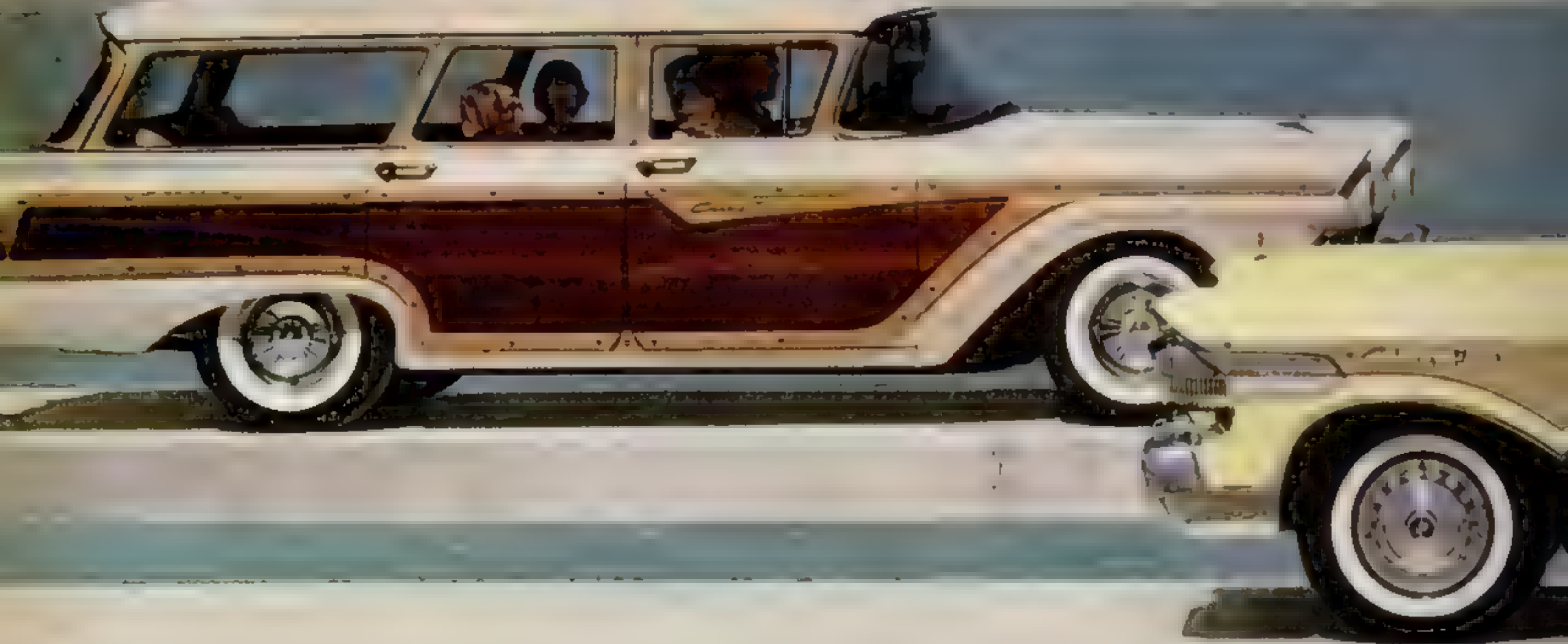
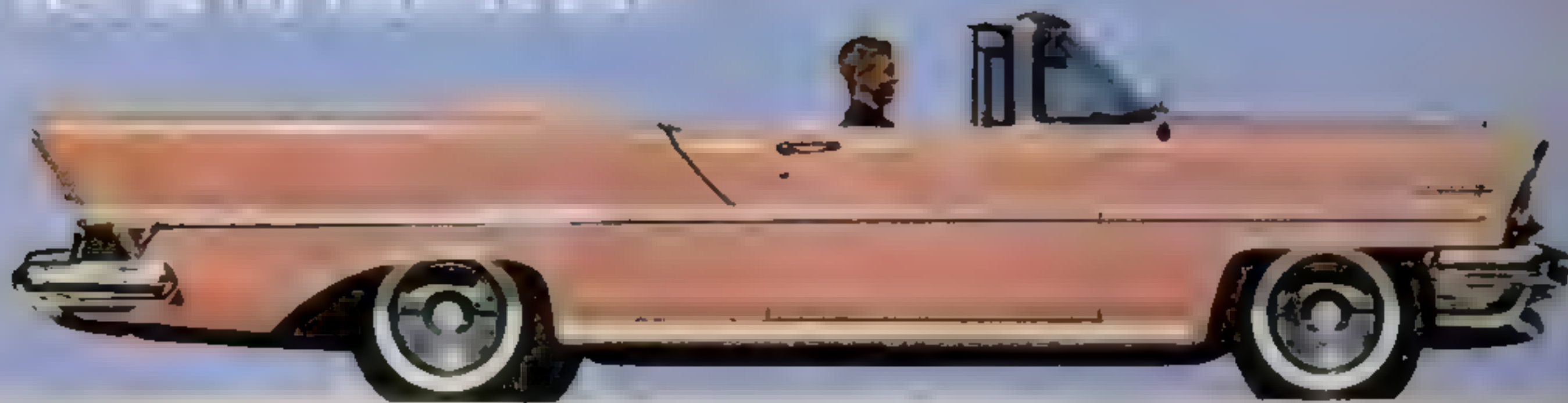
another as the planks fly through the air and the pontoons on which the bridge floats begin to sink.



STRUGGLING SOLDIERS, as smoke drifts off, try to help the wounded and control the gun teams

STRUGGLING SPANIARDS (*below*) wade out into river to save gun on raft which has broken free.





Every mile's a holiday in the Ford Family of Fine Cars

Lincoln Premiere Convertible

Thunderbird



Ford 9-passenger Country Squire Station Wagon

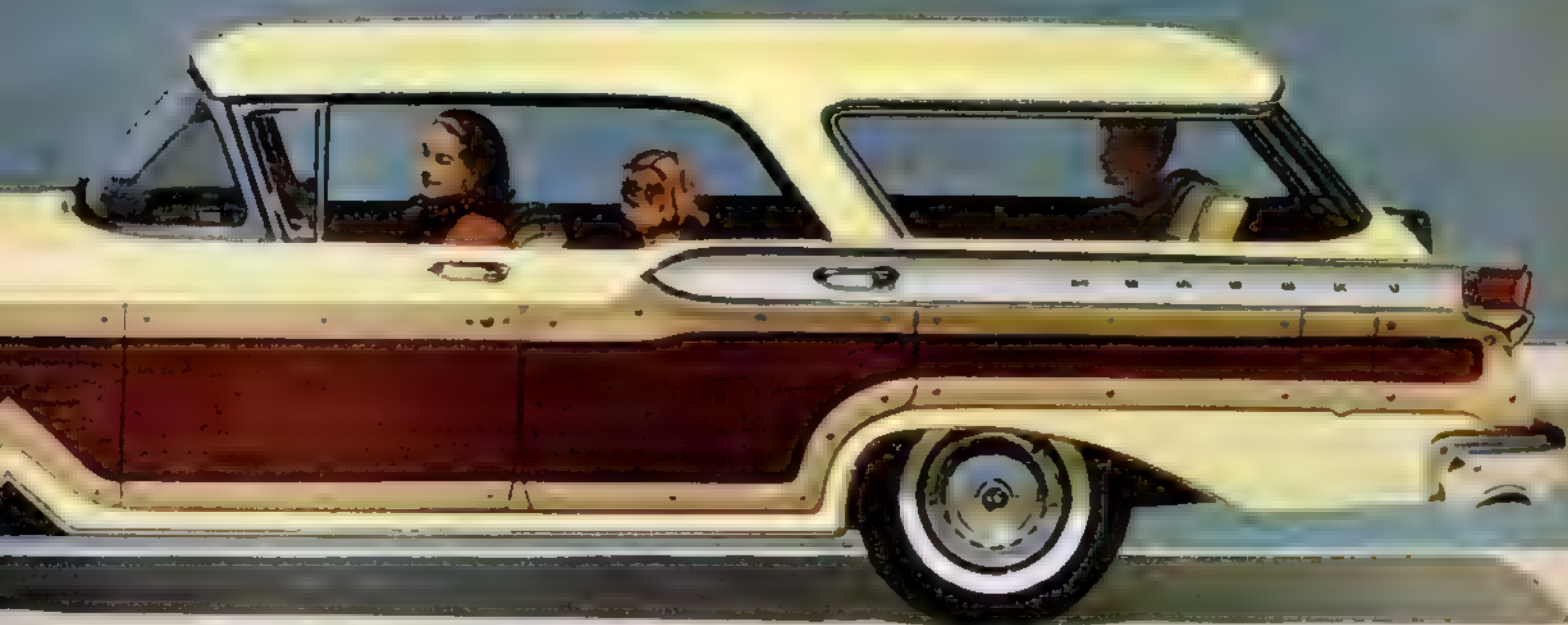
Mercury 9-passenger Colony Park Station Wagon

**FORD • THUNDERBIRD • MERCURY
LINCOLN • CONTINENTAL MARK II**

- Here's the best way to get away
- Your vacation starts in the driveway
- All the comforts of home

You've loaded the last unpacked suitcase, left a note for the milkman, and you're off. *Right now* is the start of your vacation . . . the moment you take the wheel. For these are the fine cars of the American Road, and just getting where you're going can be a vacation in itself.

We've learned about vacations by



taking them ourselves, in our own Fords, Thunderbirds, Mercurys, Lincolns and the Continental. They call us the young-minded ones in this automobile business . . . with 54 years of experience behind us

FUN ON THE RUN—Of course there are more reasons than we've room for here why every mile's a holiday in the Ford Family of Fine Cars. Under the hoods, for example, there's horsepower. Lots of it. The kind that makes you wonder what happened to the hills you used to climb.

Then, to take the sway out of the curves and the jar out of the bumps, there's our new advanced kind of ball-joint suspension. And to let you take in the landscape, not just the road, notice our big ranch-house-type windows. In short, we know how to make the trip a pleasure—from front seats that adjust when you touch the button to huge oversized interiors with more leg and headroom than you need.

Like the Ford wagons, for instance—six- or nine-passengers big—the largest selling station wagons in the

country. Or the Mercury's Big M wagon, with the window that disappears into the tail gate, giving you just one gate to open instead of two



Or take that long and low and lovely Lincoln convertible. Or that jaunty Thunderbird. A drive around the block is almost a vacation in these fun-lovers.

VACATION GUIDE—By now you realize the best way to get away is in a Ford, Thunderbird, Mercury, Lincoln or Continental. We build our cars for people who are young at any age . . . who go places and do things and carry their fun with them. If it's *you* we're describing, you belong in one of the Ford Family of Fine Cars. Why not see your Ford, Mercury, Lincoln or Continental dealer soon?

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
THE AMERICAN ROAD, DEARBORN, MICH.



*There is one whiskey that needs neither praise
nor apology when you serve it to your friends. Old Grand-Dad
is accepted as the finest of all bourbon whiskies.*



OLD GRAND-DAD

"Head of the Bourbon Family"



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 100 PROOF • BOTTLED IN BOND • THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY., DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO.



'Democracy cannot be bargained for...'

SO SAYS Habib—which means “beloved”—Bourguiba, fiery premier of the recently liberated North African country of Tunisia, who stands above before a tiled wall in his boyhood home in Monastir. At 54, Bourguiba is an Arab anomaly. An avowed nationalist and foe of colonialism (“It moves in on a country and turns its inhabitants into foreigners”), he spent 27 years, half of them in jail or exile, brilliantly and almost bloodlessly freeing Tunisia from French rule. At the same time he remained a strong friend of France and an undeviating champion of Western ideals “whether we get Western economic aid along with them or not.”

Educated as a lawyer in Paris, Bourguiba returned to Tunisia as a politician who spoke and wrote better French than Arabic. There followed years of fighting not only French rule but middle-class native indifference, and Bourguiba, as head of the Neo-Destour

party, became a symbol of freedom to his 3.7 million countrymen. Though he has moved into an official government villa, he lives the same simple, somewhat abstemious personal life he was forced to lead during his years of dodging the French police. Separated from his French wife, he loves being fussed over by a huge, adoring committee of nieces, cousins and in-laws.

Today Bourguiba's attachment to France is undergoing an even more severe test than the 10 years' imprisonment that has left him so singularly unbitter. Tunisia's sympathy for its neighboring Algerian rebels has led France to cut off the financial aid which this year would have amounted to \$33.5 million. The presence in Tunisia of 25,000 French troops has led to Franco-Tunisian clashes and the shooting of a high Tunisian official. Sadly, Habib Bourguiba observes, “France and Tunisia will never again be exclusive partners.”

LET'S EAT OUTSIDE

Barbecue Hint
For appetizers:
Frankfurters and
pineapple chunks
wrapped in bacon
and grilled.



The
Best
Orange
Soda
Drink
Ever
Made

Fanta

BOURGUIBA CONTINUED



AT an Arab-quarter labor rally in the city of Tunis, Bourguiba, whose skill as an orator is a prime source of his popularity with all classes of Tunisians, addresses his supporters. They have developed a rhyming chant "Ya wa Bourguiba!" (Long live Bourguiba!) which they shout at him in sing-song whenever he appears.



BOURGUIBA puts on riding breeches, aided by nieces (from left) Zorah, Mongila and a grandniece, Fatouma. Niece Sayda (right) keeps house for him in Carthage.

"After 10 years in prison I hate to be alone. I don't know what I'd do without these young ladies. For 27 years my political activities kept me from living a normal life. Now I like to have as much of my family as possible with me at all times."



BOURGUIBA looks on as aged, bemedaled Bey of Tunis, titular head of state, greets Greek Orthodox Church leader.

"I have quite a number of these decorations now, but the Bey of Tunis and I are the only holders of the Order of Independence. He gave it to me in the morning and I gave it to him that afternoon."



"We want to make Tunisia strong, not so much by force of arms as by our example to others. our newly acquired self-respect, happiness and concern for social justice are proof of our right to independence. One lesson we have learned from the past: nothing happens of its own accord. We can only rely on our own efforts."



BOURGUIBA climbs rope in play area he built for his grand nieces and nephews on lawn of his Carthage home.

"I try to keep in reasonably good physical condition. My health is not excellent, but it's a strange thing, every time I've been imprisoned I've felt fine—even when the food was terrible. I suppose I really thrive on adversity."

CONTINUED

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Sensational new Alemite Kleen Treet gives you an on-the-road motor tune-up, clears out fuel lines, stops icing in fuel systems, helps restore engine pep and power—and does it while you drive! Alemite Kleen Treet often saves costly carburetor overhauls and troublesome breakdowns. Try a can today!

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1. Cleans carburetors and fuel systems!
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Mr. Johnson, while off on a trip
And having the bad luck to slip,
Wired home in a flash,
"Telegraph me some cash—
I'm in plaster right up to my hip!"

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TELEGRAM
TELEGRAPHIC
MONEY
ORDERS

BOURGUIBA CONTINUED



ON way to the polls in his home town, modern-minded Bourguiba tries good-naturedly to coax young girl to remove veil.

"In a few years the veil—I call it the cache-misère [poverty-concealer]—will disappear. No Tunisian schoolgirl wears it now. But some women feel as strange without it as Western women did when they put on trousers."



BOURGUIBA admires the Western-style hards of a young cousin, Semira Kastali, at a gathering in his Carthage villa.

"Friends and family gossip are the best antidotes to worry that I know of. When I'm alone I worry about serious things, like the future of Tunisia. This is how I relax."

taste the lemon twice!

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TRADE MARK
SHERBET

Double your pleasure!

Luscious lemon sherbet accented with
tasty bits of lemon candy.

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10 hp . . . purrfect for a picnic afloat

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All nine new Johnsons are built to preserve your peace of mind. And to keep the peace that comes only on water. Traditional Sea-Horse stamina gives you round trip dependability. (A new slip-clutch propeller ends drive pin worries!) Johnson-pioneered Suspension Drive holds

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FREE! For 1957 Sea-Horse catalog, write to: Johnson Motors, 264 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Illinois. Div. of Outboard Marine Corp. In Canada: manufactured by Johnson Motors, Peterborough, Ontario.

FOR YOU IN '57! WHAT A WIDE AND WONDERFUL CHOICE!

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Sea-Horse 35.... 35 hp....485	Sea-Horse 7½... 7½ hp...260
Sea-Horse 18*... 18 hp....475	Sea-Horse 5½... 5½ hp...230
	Sea-Horse 3.... 3 hp...\$155

*12 volt electric starting (new quick charging 10-ampere generator available as accessory on first two models). Prices f.o.b. factory subject to change. OBC certified brake hp at 4000 rpm (18s and 35s at 4500)

A million Sea-Horse owners will tell you *JOHNSON KNOWS BEST*



PROCESSION IN CLEVELAND WAS LED BY DR. JAMES E. WAGNER (LEFT), E. & R. CHURCH PRESIDENT, AND DR. FRED HOSKINS, LEADING CONGREGATIONALIST

Merger of Two Historic Churches

NEW PROTESTANT SECT IS THE SIXTH LARGEST

The newest and sixth largest Protestant group in the U.S. had an impressive birth last week in Cleveland when the Congregational Christians (1,340,000 members) joined with the Evangelical and Reformed Church (800,000 members) to form the United Church of Christ. These two historic Protestant sects are very different in their origin, geographic background and U.S. distribution. The E. & R. Church stems largely from the Germany and Switzerland of Luther and Calvin. It is strong in Pennsylvania and the Midwest. The Congregationalists stem from the British Pilgrims and Puritans and are strong in New England.

In theology and ritual, the two churches differ very little. Both are anti-authoritarian, believing in the responsibility of the individual. The Congregationalists give full freedom to local churches. The Evangelical and Reformed gives considerable power to regional synods. The union, safeguarding the rights of individual churches, will bring little doctrinal change. It will strengthen parishes, improve the denominations' colleges and seminaries, widen missionary work. Though a few Congregationalists are still fighting union, the delegates in Cleveland clasped hands (below) at the very moment of unity and sang *Blest Be the Tie That Binds*.



CLASPED HANDS at moment of unity symbolize "the fellowship of their respective communions and

their oneness in Christ." The document held by the joiners includes the text of the Basis of Union.

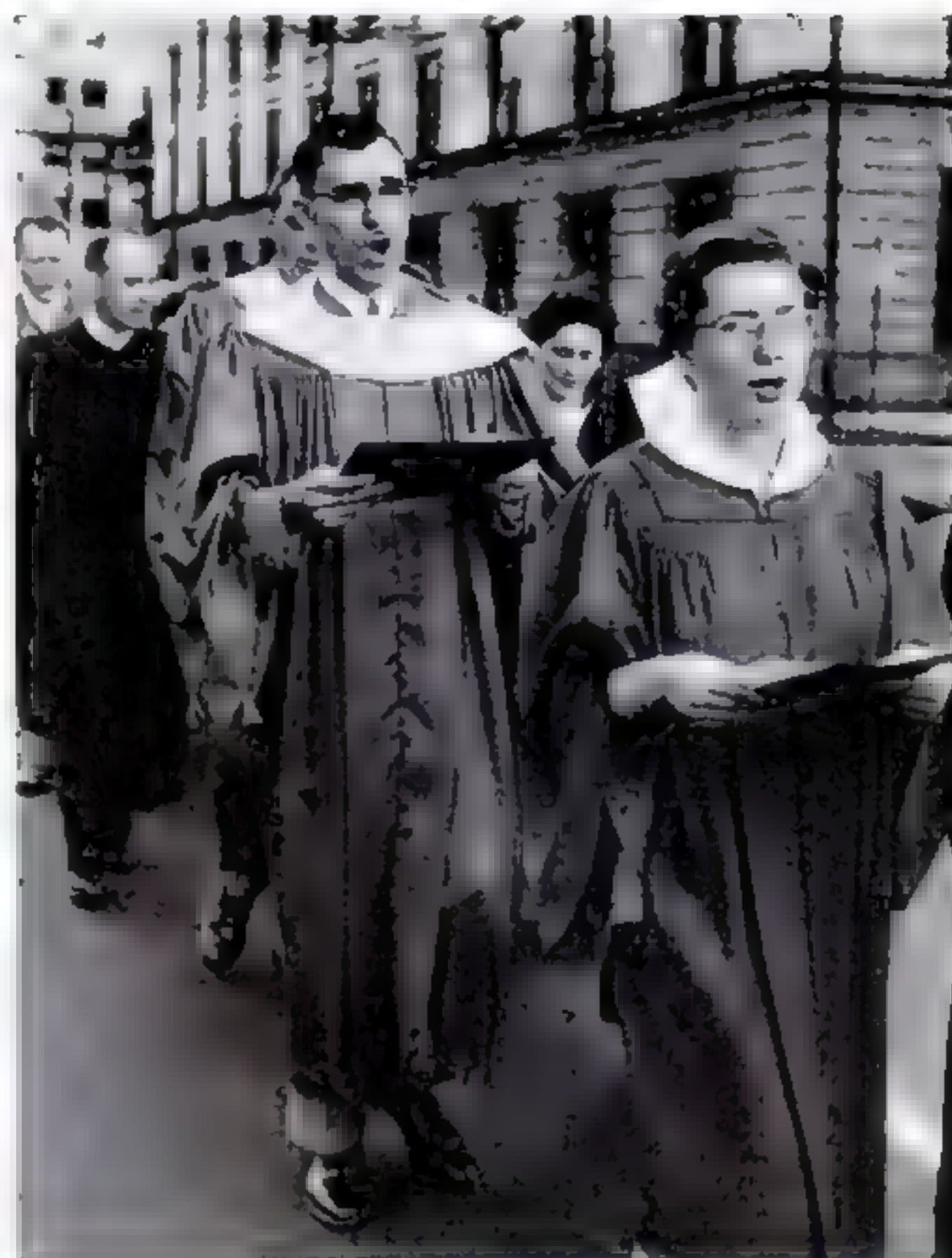
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20 vents
let filtered
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the wound



with **SUPER-STICK**
New rounded ends. They stick better,
protect better. Won't loosen in water.

CHURCH MERGER CONTINUED



SINGING IN STREETS, choristers and delegates join in the hymn, *The Church's One Foundation*, as they march toward the ceremony of union.



BIBLE AND FONT, for the word of God and baptism, are carried by E. & R. members Ken Mesle (left) of Parma, Ohio, Henry Noffke of Westlake, Ohio.

READY NOW IN BOOK FORM

Ben Hogan

with Herbert Warren Wind, drawings by Anthony Ravielli

Five Lessons The Modern Fundamentals of Golf



complete series which appeared in

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



More than 700

Ravielli drawings make

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The Ben Hogan series that made golfing history

at a special pre-publication price

for pre-publication delivery!

Now—let Ben Hogan start *your* golf score on its way into the 70's—with his famous golf instructions that caused such a sensation when they appeared in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED last spring!

In response to overwhelming demand, the complete Hogan series has now been published as a book—absolutely complete, with all the wonderful illustrations by Anthony Ravielli—a handsome addition to your library, easy-to-use on the practice tee, or the perfect gift for any golfer, male or female. And yours for actually less than the price of *four* golf balls!

Hit the kind of shots a pro does

The Modern Fundamentals of Golf has been acclaimed as the finest book on golf ever written, by one of golf's keenest students and greatest teachers. In it, Ben Hogan has distilled the principles of a powerful, repeating golf swing into 8 fundamentals of grip, stance, backswing, and downswing.

It's almost as if Ben Hogan himself were right at your elbow. And with these 8 basic fundamentals thoroughly mastered, says Ben, there's no reason why any reasonably-coordinated golfer can't play the same kind of shots that a pro does, and make his game not only far better, but enjoyable beyond his fondest dreams!

The Ben Hogan book will be in the bookstores later this summer. The regular edition will be priced at \$5.00; a De Luxe Edition, at \$7.50. But if you send us your order now, by special arrangements with the publishers, A. S. Barnes & Co., we can send you a first-edition copy at once—and at a special pre-publication price; only \$4.50 for the regular edition and \$6.50 for the De Luxe, plus few cents postage. While the season still has many pleasant weeks to go, why not send the coupon below (without money, if you prefer) at once!

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You'll like

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, too!

If you're not already a subscriber, we're sure you'll like not only the news and features of golf, but all the other exciting aspects of the wonderful world of sports as SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reports it every week. *Previews* of the major sports events—sidelights and inside stories on sport's colorful personalities—*The Sporting Look*, on the latest fashions on sportswear—*Spectacle*, the finest sports photography in color you ever saw—all these and more are making SPORTS ILLUSTRATED the most talked-about magazine of our time. A 27-week trial subscription (new subscribers only) is only \$2.87—and you don't even have to pay that amount unless you and your whole family are delighted! Simply check box in the coupon below, and we'll start sending you SPORTS ILLUSTRATED at once.

Golfers of all degrees of skill praise the Hogan lessons:

For the past 5 or so years I've been a middle-to-high-80's shooter. After digesting Ben Hogan's lessons on grip and stance, I promptly shot a 75, and a week later had a 78—with four 3-putt greens!

J. P. J., Philadelphia

After reading the first two articles, I had a 73 for the first time in my life, and hadn't played for six months before that.

T. E. S., Calgary

Messrs. Hogan and Wind, along with Mr. Ravielli, did it! An old dog at 55 can undo the wrongs of 30 years. I have the score to prove it. You've got me for life!

F. H. S., Clayton, Mo.

With the first decent weather in 6 months, I went to the driving range, my driver in one hand, three copies of SI in the other and a patient wife to read and guide me. The results were startling: 200-250 yards and no slice. God bless Hogan!

R. F., Loudonville, N. Y.

I'm a weekend golfer who shoots in the mid-90's—sometimes over 100. I've broken 90 maybe 3 times in my life. I studied the first 3 Hogan articles carefully and tried to follow his advice. Last Saturday, I 3-putted four greens and shot 86!

J. M., New York

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Please send me at once the new Ben Hogan book in the edition I have checked below. I will pay the pre-publication price, plus few cents postage and handling charges, or if I am not delighted with the book, return it and pay nothing.

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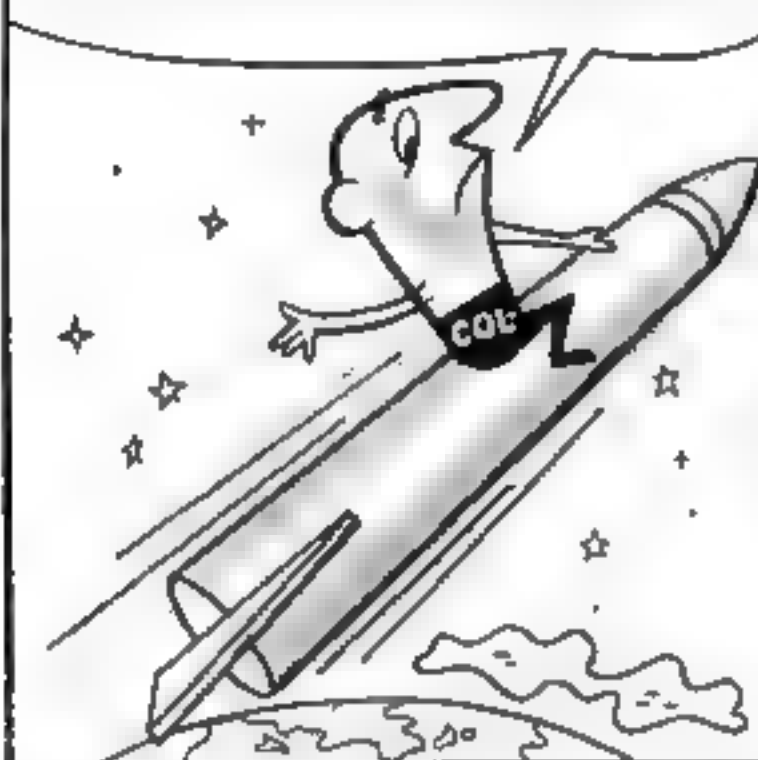
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THAT'S THE SMOOTHEST
SHAVE I EVER TOOK!

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COLGATE SHAVE CREAMS

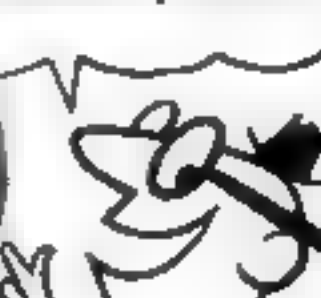


For that Clean-Cut
Colgate Look!



TRY COLGATE LOTION, TOO!

SMELLS REAL
NICE -
WITH A
TRACE
OF SPICE



CHURCH MERGER CONTINUED



SCHOOL BANNERS from most of the 53 colleges and seminaries linked to the uniting sects were in the procession, plus flags of their 18 mission lands.



KEY OFFICIALS on podium were (left to right) Dean Douglas Horton of Harvard Divinity School, long a top Congregationalist, who gave the uniting prayer; Dr. Sheldon E. Mackey of Philadelphia, the secretary of the E. & R. Church; Dr. Fred S. Buschmeyer of New York City, secretary of the Congregationalist General Council, who became co-secretaries of the united sect; Dr. Hoskins and Dr. Wagner, who were chosen co-presidents of the new church.



UNITED CHOIR of both churches, 150 strong, sings *Beneath the Cross of Jesus* at ceremony of union which drew 3,500 to fill the Cleveland Music Hall.

STIFF AND SORE FROM WEEKEND ATHLETICS?

PUT
MUSCULAR
ACHES
AND PAINS
TO SLEEP
FAST

NEW Intracel

PENETRATING ANALGESIC

This entirely new pain treatment gets deep into aching tissue to relieve aches and pains including muscular stiff neck, sore arm, charley horse, aching shoulder and back due to exposure, exertion or drafts.

Fragrant, soothing, unbelievably effective Intracel penetrates deep inside the tissues where it hurts, to put pain to sleep.

Even sunburn misery responds to this deep-tissue relief. And Intracel swiftly soothes aching feet, itching insect bites and poison ivy.

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*Remember the joy
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You can feel like this

...when you refresh with Milk

Milk is refreshment that lasts, the pickup that keeps you picked up.

Your energy and spirits are renewed and refreshed by milk's natural sugar, minerals and proteins.

Enjoy a glass of milk with meals, at bedtime . . . and it's so refreshing at "break time" . . .

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So many pleasant, perfect times to enjoy a glass of milk . . . *Drink 3 glasses every day!*



Milk gives you calcium for healthy nerves and heart muscles. You never outgrow your need for milk - and its calcium, proteins, and vitamins.

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PILGRIMS OF THE U.S.A. VISITING THEIR CAPITAL

Photographed for LIFE by HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON

Coatless against the Washington heat, cameras at hand, the visitors shuffle indefatigably through the marble shrines to a nation's past and through the great buildings where the nation's future is shaped. In a land of travelers only New York City draws more visitors than the 5.5 million who came to Washington last year. But the trip to Washington is something special to Americans—part tour, part civics lesson and most of all a pilgrimage to the well-spring of their democracy. Recently Henri Cartier-Bresson, a Frenchman who is one of the world's great photographers, joined the city's visitors.

The visitors come all year round to sightsee, to convene, to visit their congressmen. With spring the great influx of students arrives—the senior classes from Winfield, Kan., Paoli, Ind. or Dahlgren, Ga., making graduation trips to the capital. For three to five exhausting days they walk and see and store up impressions—the glistening immensity of the Capitol building, the firearms at the FBI, the money rolling out at the Bureau of Engraving.

Cartier-Bresson caught the city's familiar tourist landmarks and an aspect—the fashionable lawn parties and unhurried beauty—that most tourists miss. But, as his pictures show, he found himself entranced as much by his fellow sightseers as by what they saw.



History becomes palpable for some young students as they touch the nose and shoulder of Gutzon Borglum's massive marble bust of Lincoln in the Capitol rotunda

Leaning from the bus which brought his class from Winfield, Kan., a senior takes a picture of the Capitol as the tour leaves.



Quiet amid the marble grandeur, a high school tour descends the great staircase of the Library of Congress. They had just looked at

Jefferson's draft of the Declaration of Independence and a copy of the Gettysburg Address in Lincoln's handwriting.



Coming to see their congressman, Watson Totus and Eagle Seelatssee of the Yakima tribal council stride through the Capitol.

Pausing in their tour of the FBI building (below), youngsters watch wide-eyed as a bureau technician makes notes in the firearms exhibition room.



Wonders seen on



Amid the endless exhibits of the Smithsonian Institution visitors aim cameras at a plaster replica of the statue that tops the Capitol.

wearying rounds



Suspended from the ceiling above are Lindbergh's "Spirit of St. Louis" and, behind it, the Wright brothers' original plane.



Footsore and art-weary, students sink onto benches beneath Renoir's "Diana" to summon strength for the rest of the National Gallery.

A visitor to a convention of otolaryngologists, one of more than 350 conventions to be held this year in the city, looks into an exhibit (below).





At a Women's National Press Club party, Inge Rundvold of WRC-TV takes congratulations from Betty Beale of the "Evening Star" (back to camera)

for her role in a skill. She played Dwight Eisenhower, who dreams she is president. At right is Betty's sister, Mrs. William Mann.





Raising funds at a benefit held by Salvation Army auxiliary at the Brazilian embassy, Mrs. Huron Lawson (right) sells potholders.

← Excitement breaks over the Washington Cathedral flower show as spectators spot the honor guest and judge of exhibits, Mrs. Richard Nixon.



← Violet Oakley, an honorary member of the American Institute of Architects, scans an architectural exhibit at the National Gallery.

The women's own world of parties and lawn benefits



Guests at the Salvation Army party enjoy the shade and a cool drink. One of the party's musicians has parked his hat on his instrument case.



On the long, broad greensward that sweeps down from the Washington Monument, some local boys shag a few flies. Around the base of the monument sit the cars of some of the 5,500 tourists who come to visit it each day.

In the warm afternoon, the city's twice-daily tide begins to flow as office workers from the Navy and Atomic Energy Commission buildings queue up for the buses that will start them on their way home. Of Washington's half million workers, one third





Across the still Tidal Basin, the Jefferson Memorial glistens in the sunlight. In cherry blossom season, tourists would swarm through the area. Now, later in the season, two young boys can unhurriedly poke ripples in the water.

work in government and it is a city uniquely attuned to the office-worker's punctual pulse. Many of the civil servants live in Maryland or Virginia and their days begin and end with a monstrous traffic jam they have long since learned to endure.



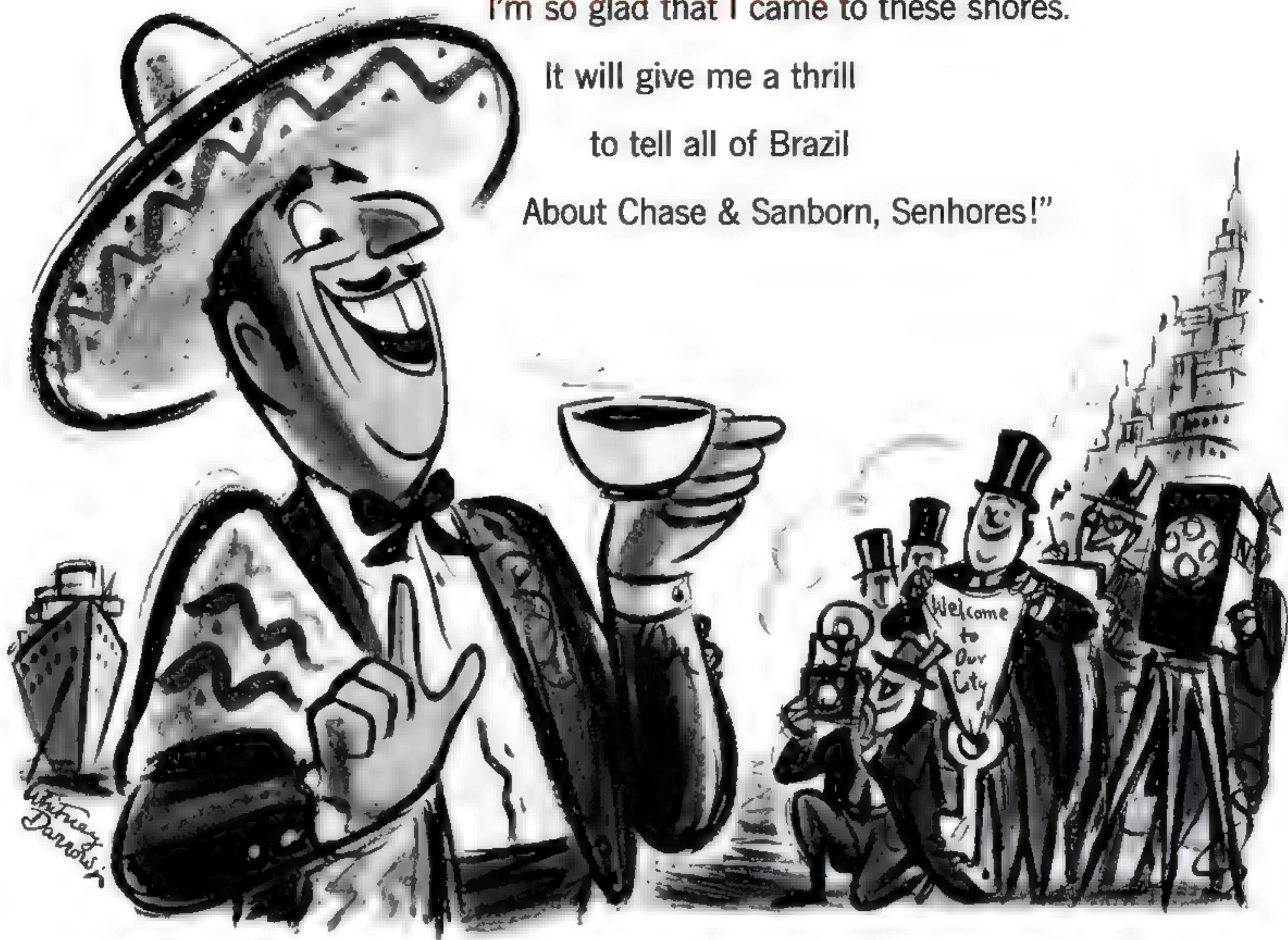
"FLAVOR BREAK!" A great custom of yours.

I'm so glad that I came to these shores.

It will give me a thrill

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About Chase & Sanborn, Senhores!"



Next time give yourself a... **FLAVOR BREAK**



A cup of coffee should be a mood . . . a pleasant interlude . . . a perfect companion to meals and in-between moments. And when it's Instant Chase & Sanborn, it's all of those—and more! It's a real *Flavor Break*!

That's because this is the full-bodied coffee. Wonderfully invigorating. Exceptionally satisfying!

Next time, don't settle for just a coffee break. Give yourself a Flavor Break with Instant Chase & Sanborn. From first sip to second cup . . . you've never tasted finer!

Pleases even the hard to please!



"A NEW RECORD FOR ME," says Mrs. John Stark, Los Angeles, Cal.

"Two cups of good coffee usually satisfy me. But this New Instant Chase & Sanborn is so delicious, now I find myself asking for 'thirds.' That proves it's good, and it is!"



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INSTANT CHASE & SANBORN —the full-bodied coffee

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF
STANDARD BRANDS INC.



VON (CENTER) AND LINDY McDANIEL LAUGH WITH DIZZY DEAN—OF THE "ME AND PAUL" DEANS. THE EARLIER, MORE FAMOUS CARDINAL PITCHING BROTHERS

THE AMAZING McDANIEL BOYS

Pitchers Lindy, 21, and Von, 18,
remind St. Louis of 'Me and Paul'

Two rawboned brothers from Oklahoma, who had expected to be farmers or ministers, are reviving for St. Louis baseball fans nostalgic memories of the Dean brothers and high hopes for the first National League pennant since 1946. By last weekend \$50,000 bonus pitcher Lindy McDaniel, 21, had won seven games. But it was his brother Von, 18 and only four weeks out of high school, who had batters and fans on their ears. He began his Cardinal career by pitching 19 scoreless innings and helping to push St. Louis up into first place.

Off the field the McDaniels are shy, quiet and inseparable, mixing very little with other players. Both boys had a religious upbringing

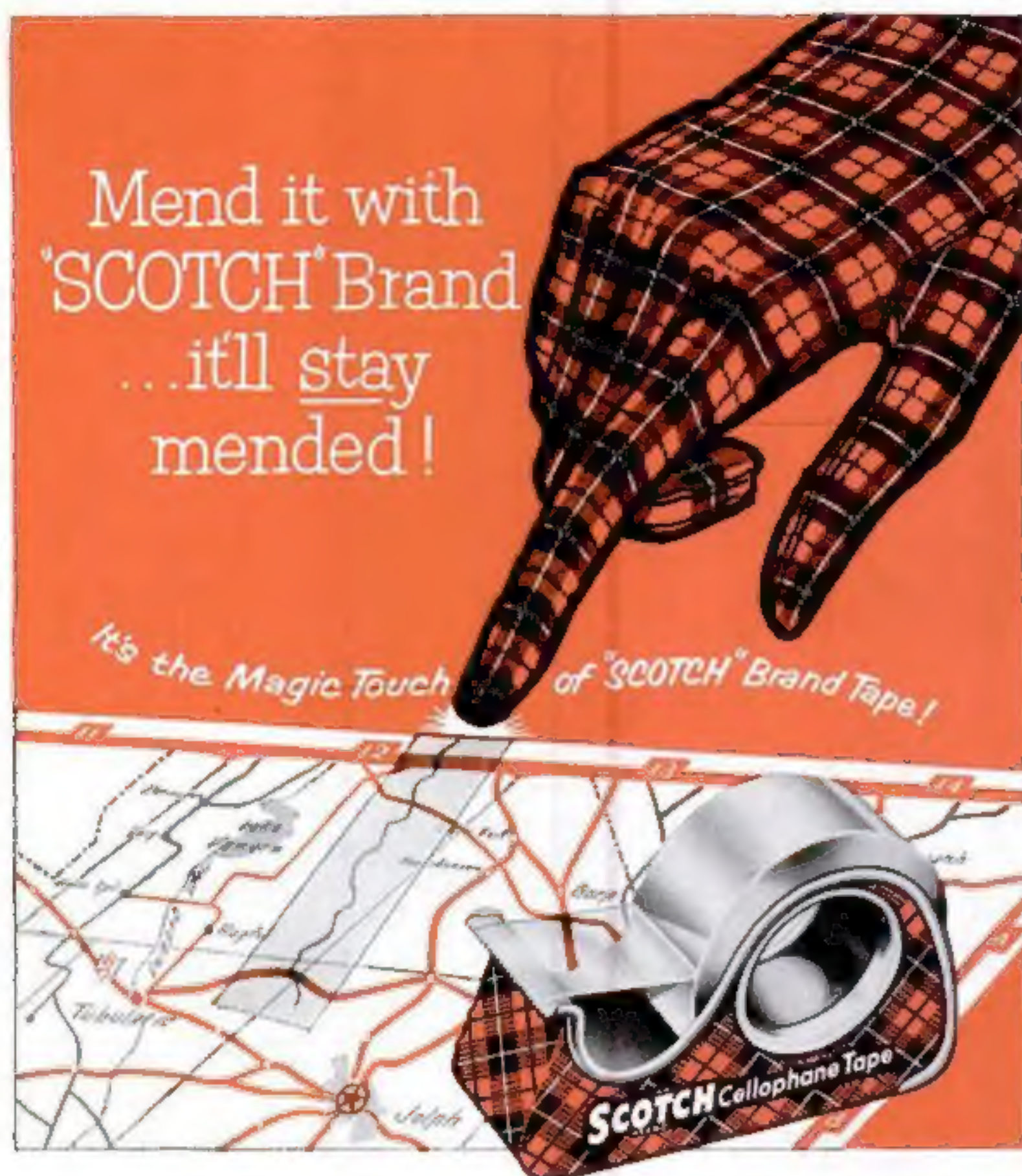
from their farming parents, devout members of the Church of Christ, and Lindy is studying to be a minister. After Lindy had signed with the Cardinals for a \$50,000 bonus, Mr. McDaniel insisted that Von sign for the same sum, "no more, no less," though Von might have commanded up to \$100,000 elsewhere.

After a strict upbringing, both boys are very respectful to their ball-playing seniors, but this does not keep them from winning games. When Von pitched against the Dodgers and Duke Snider came up for the first time, Cardinal shortstop Alvin Dark asked him, "Do you know who this is?" "Yes," Von replied, "it's Mr. Snider." Then he struck out Mr. Snider.

AT LINDY'S APARTMENT, WHERE HE SPENDS MUCH OF HIS TIME, VON (RIGHT) SAYS GRACE BEFORE DINNER WHILE LINDY AND WIFE AUDREY BOW THEIR HEADS

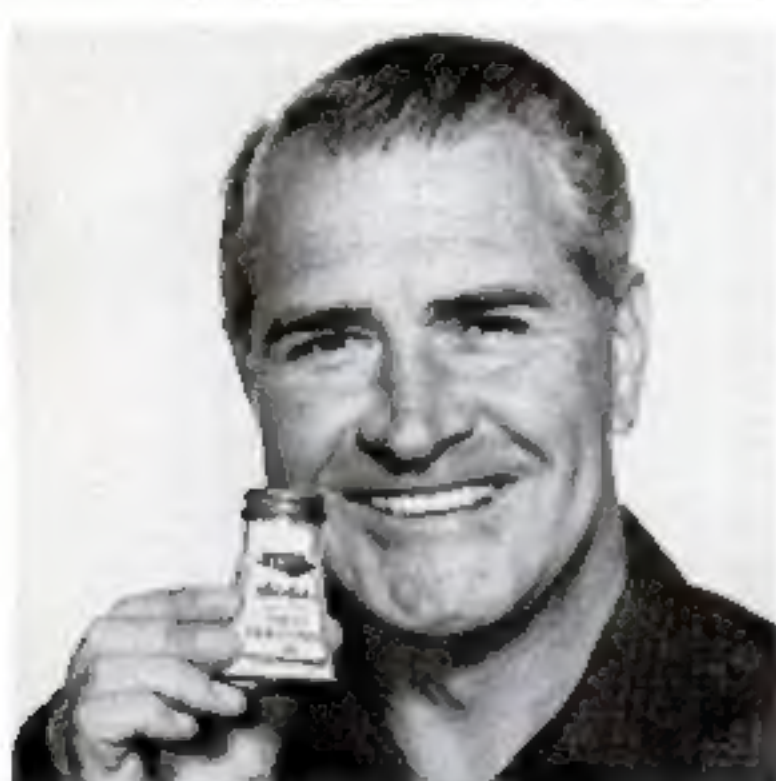


CONTINUED



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ON A SALT-FREE DIET?

Start enjoying meals again by seasoning your food with Adolph's, the best-tasting salt substitute made. Adolph's looks and sprinkles like salt—retains its flavor in all cooking, baking and canning. Adolph's contains Mono-Potassium Glutamate, which accents the true flavor of all foods—makes them taste their natural best. Ask for Adolph's Salt Substitute at your grocer's.

NEW! LOW-SODIUM MEAT TENDERIZER

Here's more good news for salt-free dieters! Adolph's LOW-SODIUM MEAT TENDERIZER—the only meat tenderizer available for low-sodium diets—assures tender, tasty meat regardless of kind, grade, cut, price or cooking method. Ask your grocer or write Adolph's Ltd., Burbank, California.

Adolph's
SALT SUBSTITUTE



CONSTIPATION MAY BE NATURE'S FIRST WARNING

... of a sluggish system and the dragged-out feeling that often follows. When constipated, take a laxative that acts overnight in the gentle way nature wants.

Take gentle-acting Ex-Lax at night. It won't disturb sleep. Next morning, enjoy the closest thing to natural action. Gentle Ex-Lax continues to help you toward your normal regularity. Seldom, if ever, is it needed next day. Get the modern laxative more families use... chocolate Ex-Lax.

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QUICK RELIEF
TUMS 10¢
FOR ACID INDIGESTION
GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN NO SODA

McDaniels CONTINUED



ON BOYHOOD TEAM, the Altus, Okla. Junior American Legion team, Lindy McDaniel (first row, fifth from left) was star pitcher. Chubby boy without uniform (front right) is bat boy Von McDaniel. Team was state champion in 1952.



WITH CARDINAL OWNER Cussie Busch (at reins), the McDaniel brothers and Lindy's wife Audrey (rear seat) take a carriage ride on his 281-acre St. Louis estate. With Busch in the front seat are his son Adolphus and wife Trudy.

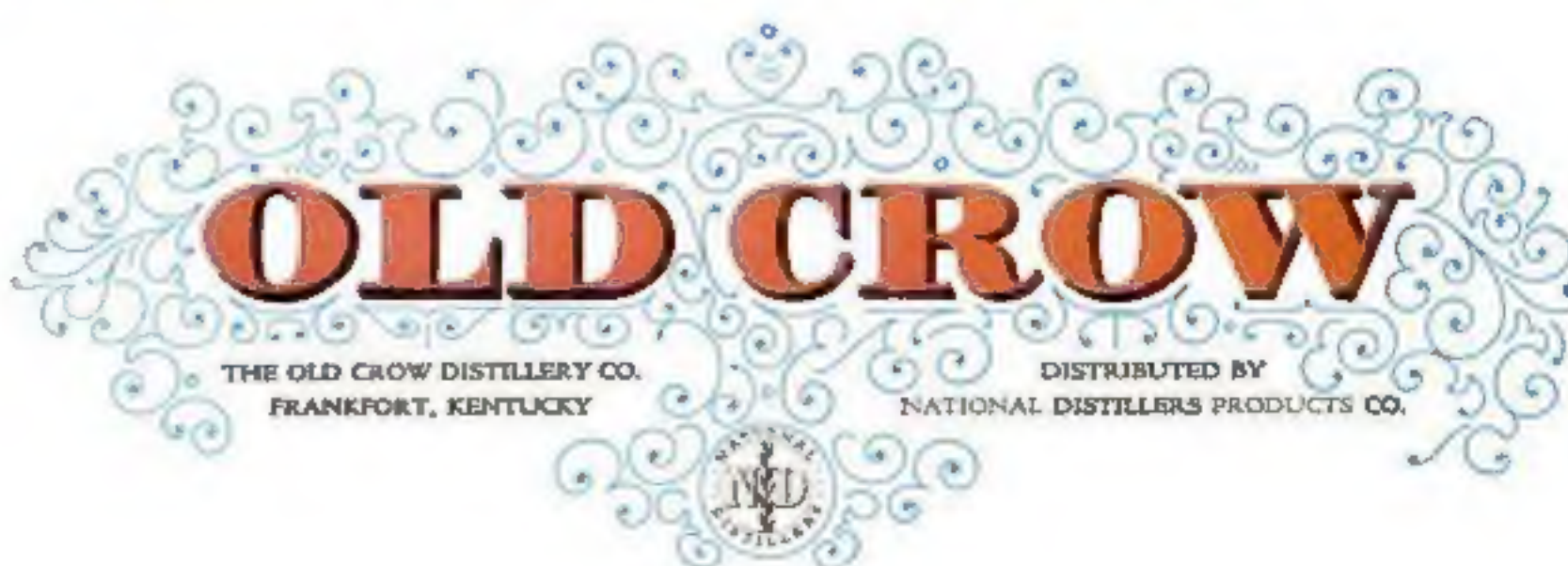


WITH NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS, Lindy and Von McDaniel (seated, center) have impromptu pop party in Lindy's St. Louis apartment. The youngsters had crowded in to get the famous brothers' autographs, got the soda pop as a bonus.



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